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AUGUST 18, 1967

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



SKIPPER
BUS MOSBACHER

VOL. 90 NO. 7

WEEK OF AUG. 18-24, 1967



Tip a canoe and kersplash for you when you race over hurdles in New Zealand

1 "One wrong move in a tippy Maori dug-out canoe and over you go," writes Gordon Reber, friend of Canadian Club. "After days of practice on New Zealand's

Waikato River, I was sure I'd mastered the tricky craft. But then I made a mistake. My Maori friends challenged me to a canoe hurdle race. And I accepted!



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
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2 "We surged forward from the starting mark. Stroke for stroke I matched my opponents as we swept down the swift stream. For a few triumphant moments, I was sure I would win. Then the hurdle loomed ahead.



3 "I paddled furiously to clear the obstacle. The other canoe glided over. But mine hit the hurdle a glancing blow. In a flash I was floundering in the water!

4 "My friends took me ashore to a local tavern for a drink of their favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



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Name

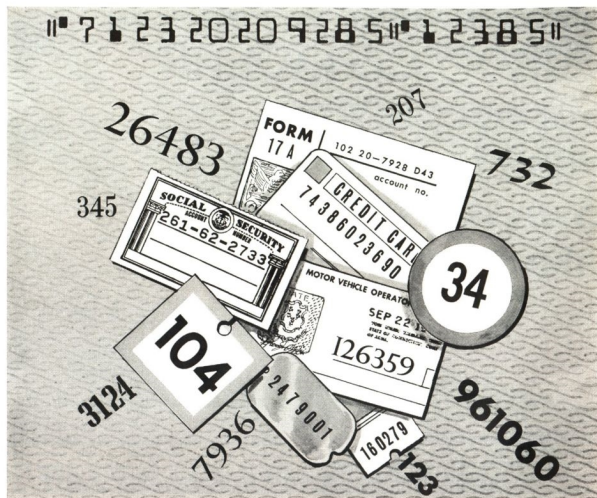
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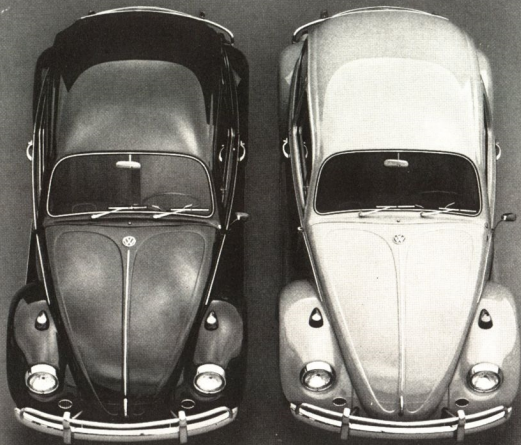
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, August 17

AN EVENING AT TANGLEWOOD (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). Live from the Boston Symphony's summer home in Massachusetts Berkshires, Erich Leinsdorf conducts the orchestra and Guest Solo Violinist Itzhak Perlman in selections from Mozart, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky and Saint-Saëns.

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:45 p.m.). *Barabba* (1962), with Anthony Quinn as the thief whose life was spared on Calvary. Co-starring Sylvia Mangano, Vittorio Gassman, Katy Jurado and Ernest Borgnine.

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). "Who in '68?" is the question put to Democrats Wayne Morse, Ted Sorensen and Bill Moyers, and to Republicans Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, George Romney, Ronald Reagan, Charles Percy and Barry Goldwater. William H. Lawrence does the interviewing.

Friday, August 18

WORLD BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Actor Jimmy Stewart, who holds scouting's highest award of the Silver Buffalo among his many accomplishments, narrates the 12th International Jamboree at Farragut State Park, Idaho. This special focuses on six scouts, representative of the 13,000 boys from nearly 100 countries who journeyed to the camp-out.

CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke* (1962) dwells on the lives of a frustrated spinster (Geraldine Page) and her high-living neighbor (Laurence Harvey) to whom she has devoted a lifetime of romantic dreams. Repeat.

Saturday, August 19

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). The role of South Korean troops in the Viet Nam war is examined in "The ROKs: Savages or Saviors?" Film of the Tiger Division in action, plus interviews with Korean Prime Minister Yi Kwon Chung and General William Westmoreland.

Sunday, August 20

DISCOVERY '67 (ABC, 11:30 to noon). Part 2 of "Animal Rescue Squad" takes viewers on an animal ambulance ride, into an ASPCA hospital, and then travels back in history to the nineteenth century, when there was no organized campaign against cruelty to animals.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). German Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger is questioned by a panel of newsmen.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Conquering the Sea" shows how man will one day exploit the ocean for minerals, chemicals and enough food to feed a world population five times the size of today's. Among anticipated underwater developments: porpoises trained to act as liaisons between ships and divers, fish farming and coal mining. Repeat.

ANIMAL SECRETS (NBC, 7-7:30 p.m.). Is there "Life on Other Planets"? Until we can see for ourselves, we can only look at the evidence—such as meteorites from outer space that are remarkably earthlike in composition—and speculate, as does Anthropologist Dr. Loren Eiseley, that

there are millions of planets as well suited to life as our own. Repeat.

Monday, August 21

SINGER PRESENTS TONY BENNETT (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Tony runs through a folio of songs to remember him by (*Who Can I Turn To?*, *Because of You*), detouring for a scenic stroll around San Francisco to the tune of his alltime hit, *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. Repeat.

NFL PRE-SEASON GAME (CBS, 9:30 p.m. to conclusion). In the second of five pre-season games, the Baltimore Colts meet the St. Louis Cardinals at St. Louis.

Tuesday, August 22

"WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY" (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Yet another look at the Haight-Ashbury scene, as doctors, ministers, parents and hippies document "The Hippie Temptation" on the premiere program of this series of news specials.

NET JOURNAL (Shown on Mondays). "H. L. Hunt—The Richest and the Rightest" provides a platform for the ultra-conservative oil mogul to speak out on his wealth, the John Birch Society, President Johnson, mass media, the Warren Commission and World Communism.

THEATER

Theater in New York is a year-round affair, with the top shows from the winter season lasting through the summer.

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING is a comedy hit by Robert Anderson (*Tea and Sympathy*) that deals with a common human preoccupation—sex. In four playlets, Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard make faces at sex, shed tears over it, spoof it and sneer at it. The audience, for the most part, just laughs at it.

THE HOMECOMING is the winner of the Tony Award and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award as the Best Play of the Year. Harold Pinter's latest drama is characteristically spare, laconic and mystifying as it examines a family reunion more sadistic than sentimental.

BLACK COMEDY, the better half of two one-acters by British playwright Peter Shaffer, provokes laughter with characters careening in the dark in a sculptor's studio when the lights blow out.

CABARET, voted the Tony and Drama Critics' Circle awards as Best Musical, mounts a mountain of a production on a molehill of a book. Joel Grey is plus-perfect as the degenerate M.C. of the Kit Kat Klub in the degenerating Berlin of the 1930s.

HALLELUJAH, BABY! is nothing, baby, except a vehicle for Singer Leslie Uggams to show her wares and wiles. I DO I DO! Mary Martin and Robert Preston are a team de force in this musical version of *The Fourposter*.

THE APPLE TREE, Mike Nichols directs and Barbara Harris stars in three playlets based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank Stockton and Jules Feiffer.

ILLYA DARLING brings Melina Mercouri from Piraeus to Broadway to recreate the role of the prostitute of *Never on Sunday*. Big, brassy and sometimes boring.

THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL is Doc Simon's latest and least amusing comedy. Tony Perkins and Paul Sand play self-conscious

kooks whose male stronghold is upset by a determined female square (Sheila Wells).

Holdovers from the 1965-66 season include smash musicals—*Fiddler on the Roof*, *Hello, Dolly!*, *Mame*, and *Man of La Mancha*—plus one comedy, the Gallic sex farce, *Cactus Flower*. Jean-Claude Van Itallie's *America Hurrah* meanwhile continues to provide intellectual and dramatic stimulation off-Broadway.

RECORDS

Jazz

CHARLES LLOYD QUARTET: LOVE-IN (Atlantic). In Russia, where Lloyd played a triumphal tour last May, audiences rose to their feet and cheered. He had a somewhat different effect on the hippies who flocked to hear him at San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium. The flower people were so entranced by Lloyd's reedy tenor-sax calligraphy and dazzling flute dabblings that they all lay down in the aisles, hugged each other, and took a musical trip. Hence the title.

DON CHERRY: SYMPHONY FOR IMPROVISERS (Blue Note). Much of the "new music" often seems a nonstop barrage of chaotic sound, and lovers of symphony—jazz or otherwise—might quarrel with Cherry's title. Nevertheless, the record is a good deal more than a simple assault on the eardrums. With Cherry on cornet, Leandro ("Gato") Barbieri on tenor sax, and Pharoah Sanders on piccolo, the themes are witty and unpredictable—as in one wild passage that sounds like a brigade of bagpipes run amuck. And there are moments amid all the gusty experimental yelps, squeals and chirps when the rhythm section swings coolly along so everybody can catch their breath.

BILL EVANS AT TOWN HALL VOL. I (Verve). Evans is the *summa cum* softly of pianists, and this record of his New York concert debut in February 1966 displays the conviction and absorption of Evans at the top of his form. It contains the dulcet ballad *Spring Is Here* and his silkkest threading of *Who Can I Turn To?* in which Bassist Chuck Israels supports him with *clon*. The most affecting moments come during *Solo—In Memory of His Father* (who died two weeks before the concert), which begins with a slow, misty Ravel-like prologue and continues with achingly tender musings on two jazz themes.

THE GERALD WILSON ORCHESTRA: LIVE AND SWINGING (Pacific Jazz). Music, like everything else, has its cyclical fashion, and big jazz bands are back. The forte of this West Coast contingent is a forthright and gutsy presentation of blues and standards. Wilson leads the 19 instrumentalists through the up-tempo spine-tinier *The Fr. Where It's At*, a loping and graceful *I Should Care*, and *Paper Man*, in which the tenor sax cuts a solo right out of the avant-garde bag. More restful are Tenor Man Harold Land's expressive weavings during a pretty arrangement of Ellington's *I've Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good)*.

RAY BRYANT: SLOW FREIGHT (Cadet). As modern English is to the King James Bible, so jazz is to the old gospel songs. Here Bryant looks back to his gospel roots. *Freight* is a rumbling blues track that chugs lazily along for nearly ten minutes. *Amen* and *Return of the Prodigal Son* are shorter, more charged episodes,

* All times E.D.T.

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while *Satin Doll* offers a change of pace with its bop feel and splendid solo by Bassist Richard Davis.

THE PANASSIE SESSIONS (RCA Victor Vintage Series). Connoisseurs of Dixieland, take note. In this reissue are the works of such outstanding New Orleans stalwarts as Sidney Bechet, Mezz Mezzrow and James P. Johnson. Originally recorded in 1938-39, these sides were an effort to preserve the vanishing old sound at a time when swing was beginning to supplant it. The earlier sessions (*Revolutionary Blues*, *Weary Blues*) are authentic razzmatazz—the stomping beat of the '20s. The later sessions hint at things to come—the more melded, shirt-tucked-in swing of the '30s.

CINEMA

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT. In Mississippi, two policemen, one a Negro (Sidney Poitier), the other a white man (Rod Steiger), join forces to solve a murder in this subtle and meticulous study that breaks with black-white stereotype.

THE WHISPERERS. Dame Edith Evans, 79, playing a lonely, penurious old woman, creates new proof that there is no age limit on greatness.

DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE. The split of a suburban couple (Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds) provokes some tart dialogue: "The uranium mine to her, the shaft to me."

THE FAMILY WAY. A young couple (Hayley Mills, Hywel Bennett) who cannot consummate their marriage are the subjects of this delicate comedy that owes a lot of its depth to an extraordinary performance

by John Mills as the groom's father. **EL DORADO**. John Wayne and Robert Mitchum get the most out of a script full of raucous frontier humor in this fist-come, fist-served western.

BOOKS

Best Reading

BEARDSLEY, by Stanley Weintraub. Aubrey Beardsley's life was dedicated to decadence, but this evocative new biography—plus the current Beardsley revival—is evidence that he failed.

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS, by Robert Conot. A skillful autopsy of the 1965 Watts riot in Los Angeles performed by a Los Angeles newspaperman.

INCREDIBLE VICTORY, by Walter Lord. A replay of the 1942 Battle of Midway by a specialist in the literary art of summoning up remembrance of things past.

END OF THE GAME, by Julio Cortázar. This Argentine author thinks only the unthinkable and imagines the weird and the baffling. These 15 stories, one of which was made into the movie *Blow-Up*, alternately amaze and appall the reader.

THE DEVIL DRIVES: A LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON, by Fawn Brodie. The author maps the life of the flamboyant Victorian explorer, linguist and erotologist and concludes that his real passion was not for geographical discovery "but for the hidden in man."

NABOKOV: HIS LIFE IN ART, by Andrew Field. Though his performance as critic is generally excellent, Field contributes mainly an engrossing review of Nabokov's entire career—in Russian and English—and

finds the roots of such masterpieces as *Invitation to a Beheading* and *Pale Fire*.

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP, by Paul Bowles. The title of this story collection, the author's first in 17 years, is ironic. For a Bowles character, it is always the time of hostility, destruction and death.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (3)
3. *The Chosen*, Potok (2)
4. *The Plot*, Wallace (5)
5. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (4)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (6)
7. *The King of the Castle*, Holt (9)
8. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold
9. *When She Was Good*, Roth (8)
10. *Tales of Manhattan*, Auchincloss (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (1)
2. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (2)
3. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (3)
4. *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* (5)
5. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (4)
6. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (6)
7. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (7)
8. *Games People Play*, Bernre (10)
9. *The Death of a President*, Manchester (9)
10. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn

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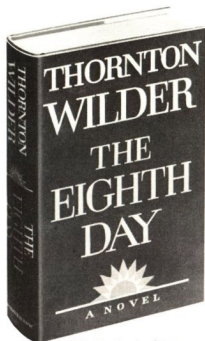
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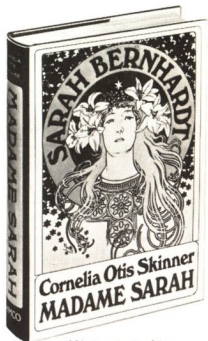
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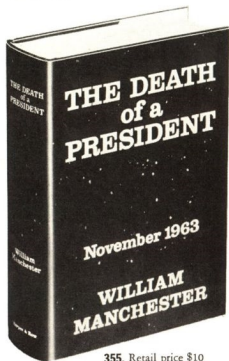
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LETTERS

Somebody Up There Is Watching Us

Sir: Apropos your flying-saucer Essay [Aug. 4], the implication is that most scientists insist that their laws are absolutely valid. Yet even Einstein is now being questioned, and there is uncertainty about Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. As knowledge is gathered, the old "laws" are found more and more to apply only to special cases. Faster-than-light travel will probably be possible when our frame of reference has expanded far enough.

ROBERT P. BURRUS

Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir: There may be future planes and spaceships that certain people are privileged to see through the veil of time. If UFOs are only an exciting glimpse of the future, their greatest value is as a promise of magnificent centuries ahead instead of the total atomic destruction so many of us fear.

CARL F. BAUMAN JR.

Highspire, Pa.

Sir: Astronomer Sagan is quoted as saying: "I really doubt that the city slickers of the universe are all that interested in us." Is he kidding? "Galactic boondock" we may be, Dullsville we're not! I think of the fascinating things we're getting up in Red China, Detroit, Viet Nam, etc. I'm surprised our visitors haven't set up huge airborne bleachers to accommodate all those "city slickers of the universe" who might fancy one of those good-bad films once in a while!

ALFREDO PORRAS JR.

Manhattan

Sir: As a matter of fact, I saw a flying saucer just the other day. I spoke to the captain of the ship, and he seemed like a nice enough guy. He said that of all the planets he has visited ours is the only one in which "civilized" inhabitants wage war against one another. Therefore, to retain the integrity of the universe, he and his followers are going to attack Earth around 1974. Not out of malice, but as a favor. He feels that by providing us with a common enemy, we will attain solidarity. Then he said something about a word to the wise, but I didn't catch it.

SAMUEL KACHIGAN

Manhattan

Not For—Against

Sir: Your Essay, "Violence in America" [July 28], succeeded in presenting and, with characteristic guile, dismissing this

contemporary problem—or rather catharsis—which demands much more than "effective law enforcement" and "elimination of the ghetto," as you succinctly put it. Detroit was decimated with death and \$500 million worth of damage, by riot, or perhaps revolt, *against* rather than *for* something.

RICHARD HARRIS

U.S. Peace Corps Volunteer

Maharashtra, India

Sir: The Negro doesn't want to be *tolerated*! He wants to be accepted—loved and enjoyed for his own personal worth. If the Mrs. Brookes and May Britts outnumbered the Stokely Carmichaels and Rap Browns of the U.S., we could leave the rioting to those nice, white little college boys and girls who have enough money to visit Florida every year.

MARGARET PIGOTT

Detroit

Sir: You refer to the Molly McGuire as "a band of Pennsylvania miners who assassinated fellow workers and bosses alike." I wish to advise that as a student of their history and direct descendant of the county delegate of Schuylkill County, at no time did I ever come across any incident of violence attributable to the Molly McGuire where they were known to have assassinated a fellow worker or boss to gain better pay and working conditions *per se*. Rather, the individuals who were slain had the misfortune at the time to be of Dutch, Welsh, and/or English descent and fell prey to personal prejudices and animosities.

JOSEPH J. WAYNE

Silver Spring, Md.

What Scares People

Sir: Whether or not the Detroit riot [Aug. 4] could have been contained in the beginning will continue to be debated. The publicly announced position of the city administration was that "lives are more valuable than property." If this is true, why would we ever fight a war?

HELEN HACKETT

Dearborn, Mich.

Sir: The riots are inexcusable, but the handling of them is even worse. There are new variations of fear (as available that cause several hours of extreme nausea, yet leave the subject in perfect health within 24 hours. Wouldn't this be better than killing innocent 4-year-old girls?

JOHN H. CONE

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: Reports that there were some white people among the looters, arsonists and snipers in Detroit's riot comes as a terrible shock to me. It is most disheartening, since white people generally have made fine progress in years past. This may spoil everything. I would urge those who feel confirmed in their prejudices and who are quick with their denunciations to remember that not all white people condoned the lawlessness of the few.

JOHN C. BONNELL

Dearborn, Mich.

Sir: Your article concerning the growing fear Negroes are inspiring among the white population fails to point out the very real and justified fear that black Americans have learned to live with in order to survive. I wonder if white Americans are frightened by the same things that scare us. Do they think we will lynch them? Burn their churches and homes? Sick our police dogs on them? Refuse to hire them? Or are they afraid that we might simply wish to be free from dependence and continued exploitation?

JAMES FARMER

Professor of Social Welfare

Lincoln University, Pa.

Recount

Sir: Contrary to your statement of Aug. 4, the Christian Democratic Party of Chile or any of its Senators did not "install Marxist Senator Salvador Allende as President of the Chilean Senate," but voted against him, supporting again the candidacy of Christian Democratic Senator Tomas Reyes.

RADOMIRO TOMIC

Ambassador of Chile

Washington, D.C.

► *Time* erred. The Christian Democratic Party's 13 Senators voted for Reyes. Allende got the votes of nine Radicals and twelve members of a Socialist-Communist coalition.

I Remember

Sir: Re "Greece, The First 100 Days" [Aug. 4]: You, like many other American writers, indicate that you feel the Greek coup was a big mistake and that Greece has taken away the freedom of the people. In reality, the Greeks acted aggressively against Communism which was gaining too much power in Greece. I say it was best to clean house now instead of later. You see, this is a long-range cleaning up, but the end result should be shining and new and for the better. It is better to have a temporary lack of freedom than to wait until the Communists are too powerful. Greece is not in the best economic condition and is ripe for preying Communists. Don't worry about Melina Mercouri and her sentiments; let her remain an actress and do well economically and let the government do well and save the country.

I have a firsthand experience with the Communists and their tactics. I've been in their jails and their army and finally escaped.

THOMAS KARATHANOS

Detroit

► A Greek living in Albania, Thomas Karathanos says the Communists torture his father to death in 1944 and himself spent five years in forced-labor camps. In May of 1954, he and six surviving members of his family attempted to flee to Greece; Albanian border guards ambushed the party and slaughtered all save Karathanos, who made good his escape [TIME, July 19, 1954].

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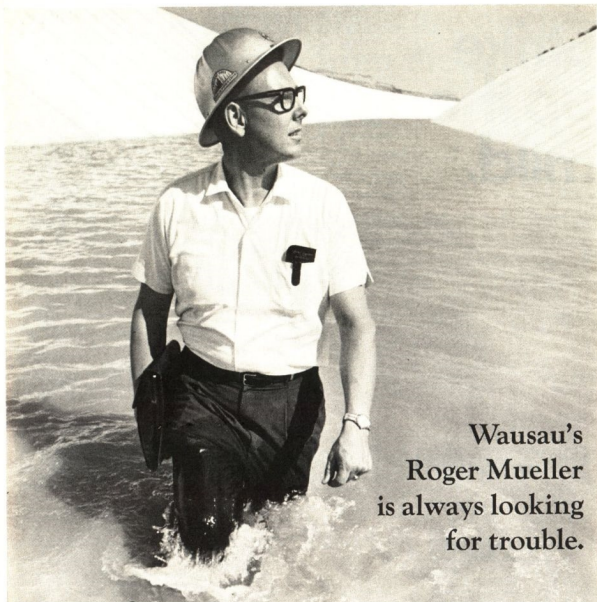
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is always looking
for trouble.

Wausau Story

Western Contracting Corporation will soon be completing 43 miles of paved canal for the huge California Aqueduct. Employers Insurance of Wausau carries Western Contracting's workmen's "comp" on the project.

That's why our safety consultant, Roger Mueller, has been looking all along for trouble — before it happens. And that's why he and other Wausau people have held regular safety meetings, first-aid classes and supervisory skills clinics for Western Contracting personnel.

We believe these extra attentions are reflected in Western Contracting's exceptionally low loss ratio on the project and our resulting refund of more than 50% of their premium.

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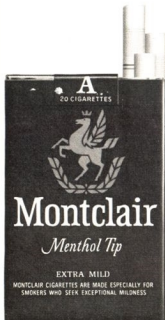
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He emigrated to the U.S. in 1956, is now the owner of a paint contracting firm and a U.S. citizen.

In the Wrong Key

Sir: As a dealer for Yamaha pianos, I often state to customers that Yamaha International is the largest manufacturer of pianos in the world. In reading your August 4th issue, I find the statement that Aeolian Corp. is the world's largest piano manufacturer. In 1966, Yamaha manufactured over 100,000 pianos, twice that of Aeolian.

HAROLD ROEDER JR.

Hortonville, N.Y.

Sir: One tiny discord crept in: the competition from cheap Japanese pianos is being felt; but their grand pianos sell in the U.S. for three-fourths, not "one-fourth the price of domestic models."

HENRY R. HELLER JR.

President

The Aeolian Corp.
New York City

Heart of the Argument

Sir: In "The Holy Land" [Aug. 4], you survey the religious significance of Jerusalem to Judaism, Christianity and Islam. You might have mentioned that Jews the world over have been praying for and toward Jerusalem for 2,000 years, thrice daily; Moslems face five times daily toward their holiest site—Mecca. For Christians, Nazareth and Bethlehem have been destinations of pilgrims. For the Jew the world over, only Jerusalem remains as the sole center of his religion.

NISSEN PLOTKIN

Bet Shean Valley, Israel

Sir: Re your explanation of the name Jerusalem, you would find an illuminating reason by reading on a little farther in the Babylonian Talmud you quoted. This is the manner in which our sages put it: Abraham called it *Jeruh* (Hebrew for awe) and Shem, the son of Noah, called it *Salem* (for peace or completeness). And the L-d said, "If I call it *Jeruh* as Abraham did, then the righteous Shem will be insulted, and if I call it *Salem* as Shem did then the righteous Abraham will be insulted. I will therefore call it as both did—Jerusalem."

SHEINDEL WEINBACH

Jerusalem

Esusu & Chitty

Sir: The *consórcio* lottery method for financing cars [July 21] may be "typical of Brazilian ingenuity and flair" but its origins are in the Old World. Although such rotating credit associations are known widely in Asia, Africa, and now in Latin America and the West Indies, the most likely source of the Brazilians' *consórcio* is the *esusu* of the Yoruba of Nigeria. Whether it was originally introduced to the New World by Africans, Chinese or East Indians, this popular method of saving is now known as *boxi money* in Guyana, *meeting* in Barbados, *partners* in Jamaica, *esusu* in the Bahamas, and *chitty* (the Hindi form from English *chit*) or *susu* in Trinidad. The Brazilian flair is in raising the ante to allow major purchases, and in raising the tone of the whole operation by calling the group a "consortium." I predict West Indians will be purchasing cars this way within a month after TIME arrives.

DANIEL J. CROWLEY

Chairman, Dept. of Anthropology
Univ. of Calif., Davis

Twice the Man

Sir: Your article on "Employment" of Aug. 4 performed a valuable service in revealing the dramatic growth of the temporary-help industry in recent years. However, the article did not present an accurate picture of the leader, Manpower Inc., whose volume for more than 19 years has consistently remained at twice the level of its nearest competitors. The gross revenue figure of \$61 million that you reported for Manpower did not include the total sales of our franchise offices and therefore did not give a true picture of the size of our company. Total sales of Manpower's 531 company-owned and franchise offices for the calendar year 1966 were \$125 million. While your statement that much of our growth is a result of a push overseas does reflect our expansion outside of the U.S., it does not give proper credit to rapidly increasing sales from our 410 U.S. offices which accounted for substantially over \$100 million during the same period.

ELMER L. WINTER

President

Manpower Inc.
Milwaukee

Would You Believe?

Sir: In your July 24 issue, you had an article about pregnant women eating laundry starch. I really did not believe it. Then I started asking my own prenatal patients, who come in for blood tests at our clinic. My results are four out of ten eat starch, two ate clay, and one was addicted to cement. Unbelievable!

PAUL E. ROSENBERG

Hematology Department

The Long Island Jewish Hospital
Chase, N.Y.

Charge!

Sir: As a member of one of the regiments involved, now sadly lost in amalgamation, I observe with regret that your commentator on "Richardson's Folly," or whatever the new celluloid crucifixion of the Light Brigade [Aug. 4] is to be entitled, is ignorant of the history of the brigade and its gallant—but monotonously misrepresented—charge. Let him remember that the "military caste system" Miss Woodham-Smith so coldly indicts produced, along with all the other "rank incompetents," such commanders as Marlborough, Wolfe, Wellington—and, indeed, Washington.

COLONEL G.P.M.C. WHEELER

Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons)—

late 4th Queen's Own Hussars

McLean, Va.

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What 6 American cities are already getting electricity from the atom?

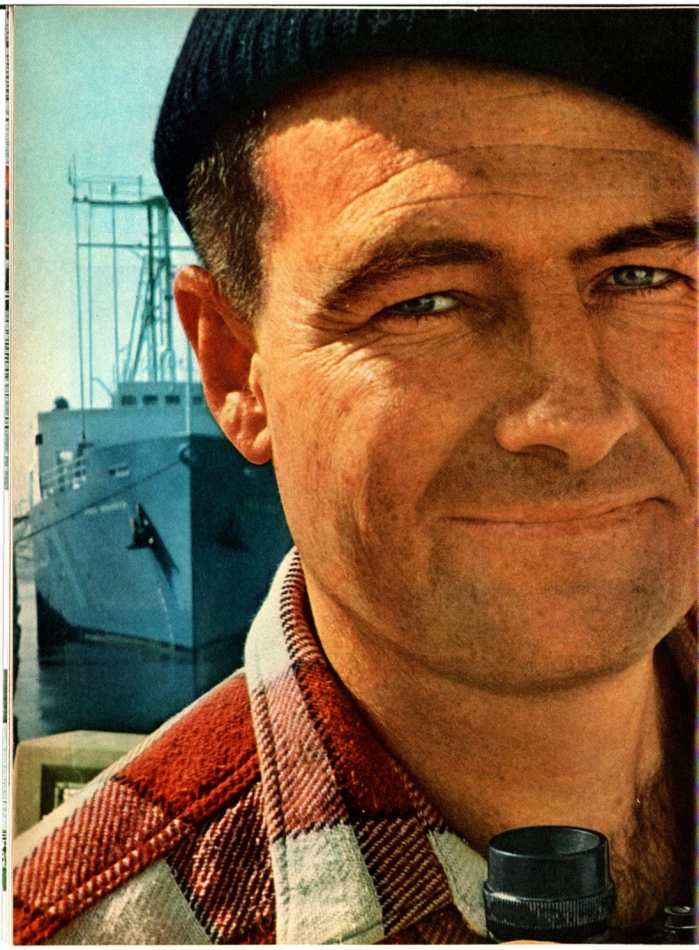
Energy from the atom is already providing electricity for millions in cities across America. Numec, a subsidiary of Atlantic Richfield, is one of the nation's major producers of fuel for these atomic power plants. By 1980, 25% of the country's electricity is expected to come from this new energy source. And Numec is getting ready for 1980 today. Did you know the names of the 6 American cities? Pittsburgh. New York. Chicago. Seattle. Portland. San Francisco. *Sparking ideas for new energy sources is the main business of Atlantic Richfield.*

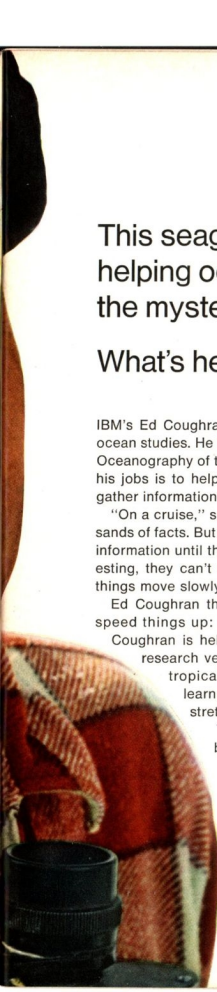


Sparks are flying at

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This seagoing scientist is
helping oceanographers fathom
the mysteries of the deep.

What's he doing at IBM?

IBM's Ed Coughran is a scientist who applies mathematics to ocean studies. He is assigned to work with Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California, San Diego. One of his jobs is to help oceanographers at sea as they struggle to gather information—in fair weather or foul, 24 hours a day.

"On a cruise," says Coughran, "oceanographers collect thousands of facts. But ordinarily, they don't have time to analyze this information until they return to port. If they find something interesting, they can't do anything about it until next time out—so things move slowly."

Ed Coughran thinks he has a way to help oceanographers speed things up: by going down to the sea with computers.

Coughran is helping to install an IBM computer aboard the research vessel, Thomas Washington, for a trip into the tropical Pacific. Scripps' oceanographers want to learn more about this lonely, largely unexplored stretch of sea.

The computer, through sensing equipment, will be able to collect and store facts on water temperature, salinity and pressure. Then, analyze it immediately. This means oceanographers can formulate new theories and gather the facts to test them while still in the Pacific.

This and other information about the ocean can serve mankind in many ways—for example, in helping us exploit the food resources of the undersea world. And it's one more demonstration of how IBM experts—like Ed Coughran—are using computers to help solve information problems of all kinds, ashore or afloat.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

LET'S say we're coming into the weather mark on a starboard tack and bearing off to port. The foredeck chief and crew will hoist the spinnaker pole. The bow man jumps into the forward hatch and hooks in the guy, sheet and halyard to the spinnaker. As we round the mark, the foredeck crew hoists the spinnaker and lets down the jib. The navigator holds the jib on an auxiliary sheet as the port tailer releases the jib sheet. The port tailer is then free to take in the spinnaker sheet while the other tailer takes in the after guy. Then the two grinders below turn the winches that hold the sheet and guy, and the tailers trim the sheets.

O.K., is all that clear to everybody? Of course it isn't, except to fairly serious sailors. What it is, approximately, is Skipper Bus Moshbacher's explanation of what his *Intrepid* crew does when rounding a buoy on an America's Cup racecourse. Taking such esoteric language uttered by experts in their field—whether it be computers (see U.S. BUSINESS) or toxicology (see MEDICINE) or catechisms (see RELIGION) or sailing—and turning it into a story that a non-expert can understand is a facet of our job that we consider of major importance. Bridging that language gap between specialist and reader often, if not always, can be done best by people who are not necessarily experts in the field under discussion.

Only one of the crew that worked on this week's cover story can be classed as a bona-fide expert sailor. He is Charles Lundgren, a noted marine painter who has been sailing for more than 40 years, once was in the crew of a boat that won the Bermuda race, sails his own 37-ft. sloop and is a longstanding member of the New York Yacht Club. He sketched and photographed Sailor Moshbacher in action from the deck of *Mary Poppins*, *Intrepid's* tender, and at the dock, and revisited his sub-

ject and scene until he was sure he had exactly the right bearing. "I wanted this cover painting to be authentic," he said. "I have friends in the Yacht Club who would raise the devil if I made a mistake."

Senior Editor George Daniels (deep-sea fishing), Writer Charles Parmister (hunting), Reporter Mark Goodman (football) and Researcher Geraldine Kirshenbaum (sky diving) make no claim to expertise in sailing—but they were just as concerned as Painter Lundgren, because they have readers who raise the devil when they make a mistake. To help bring the language through, they turned to the glossary and diagram that appear with the cover story, as well as to their skill at translating the expertise.

Getting the information for Cartographer Robert M. Chapin's diagram of *Intrepid* posed a particularly sensitive problem. While Bus Moshbacher, his crew and his family were generously cordial and cooperative throughout the intensive reporting and research for the cover story, a certain gentlemanly reserve surfaced when we requested details for a cross-section drawing of the boat that would make features of its design graphically clear to readers from Newport to Sydney to the Isle of Wight. When Researcher Mimi Conway called at Moshbacher's office in New York to discuss the diagram, he smilingly said, "I think I have exactly what your editors want for this." Thereupon he handed her a folder that turned out to be a promotional piece for the TIME-LIFE Books volume, *Age of Exploration*, containing a diagram of the *Mayflower*. Ultimately, though, he and his associates supplied all the special information we needed for graphic as well as verbal explanation.

From the beginning of the project until this issue went to press, our experts were applying their own speciality, which is, essentially, making things clear.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

THE WAR

The Pressures Mount

Before each acceleration of the U.S. military effort in Viet Nam over the past 30 months, Lyndon Johnson has painstakingly reviewed the progress of the war and the prospects for peace. Last week, dissatisfied with the conflict's grindingly slow pace, the President was in the midst of yet another reappraisal. The choice, as the White House sees it, is either to maintain pressure on the Communists at roughly the present level or increase the punishment significantly in the next few months.

Johnson does not consider present policy a failure. The Communists, after all, have been thwarted in their attempt to isolate Saigon and undermine it politically. They can no longer hope to bisect the country at its waist along Route 19. Their third and most ambitious effort, to take the northernmost provinces by storm, has been blocked at great expense to Hanoi.

The price to the U.S. has been substantial as well. More than 12,400 Americans have died. Nearly 500,000 men are in South Viet Nam, and the number will grow. The dollar cost now runs some \$25 billion a year. While this tremendous investment has denied Hanoi and the Viet Cong hegemony in the South, the U.S. and the Saigon government have also been unable to win effective control. General Harold Johnson, Army Chief of Staff and a man not given to hyperbole, said last week in Saigon that he sniffed a "smell of success," that the enemy was choosing to run rather than fight more often than a year ago.

Yet despite the punishment being absorbed daily by the Communists, no one envisions any dramatic breakthrough in the military balance very soon. This prospect has already prompted both pro- and anti-war camps to cry ever more loudly for drastic changes in strategy, leaving President Johnson little choice but to press for considerably more substantial gains in the field to bulwark his Administration's showing before 1968.

Rolling Thunder. One logical decision, long urged by his military advisers, would be a determined thrust by land and sea in and above the so-called Demilitarized Zone that separates the two Viet Nams. The "Inchon Thing," as Pentagon planners call it—referring

to Douglas MacArthur's end run into enemy territory during the Korean War—would carry the ground war to North Vietnamese soil for the first time. The purpose would be to seal off the DMZ as an operational base for North Vietnamese regular forces above the 17th Parallel and to crimp the southward flow of Communist troops. The major drawback of any such offensive is that it would still leave unplugged the Communists' infiltration routes through Laos and Cambodia.

Johnson has also been under pressure to ease rigid proscriptions that have spared many of North Viet Nam's most inviting targets for U.S. air attack. Target selection has been one of the most controversial questions of the war since regular U.S. bombing of the north began on Feb. 7, 1965. The Administration's goal, restated yet again last week by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, is to reduce enemy infiltration but not to "invade, conquer or destroy" North Viet Nam or to "risk widening the war, with all that implies." Yet the movement of men and munitions continues; despite 1,000,000 tons of bombs dropped so far in what the Pentagon has code-named Rolling Thunder, Communist forces in the South are better equipped than ever.

Pulled Punches? Military commanders and some members of Congress would like to "dry up" Haiphong as a usable port with bombs, mines, or both, to knock out canal locks, industrial plants, military command headquarters in Hanoi, as well as major MIG bases and rail lines and roads in regions that have been on the prohibited list. According to one expert, only 50% of the approximately 225 targets identified by the military have been open to attack.

Last week demands for wider air strikes reached a new crescendo on Capitol Hill. Republican House Leader Gerald Ford demanded: "Why are we still pulling our air-power punch?" Until the limitations are lifted, Ford said, he sees "no justification for sending one more American" to Viet Nam. The Senate Preparedness Subcommittee heard testimony from Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp, commander of all U.S. forces in the Pacific. Although the hearing was closed, it was no secret that Sharp had unreservedly argued the case for intensified bombing. Subcommittee Chairman John Stennis commented: "I've never said we ought to step up the bombing or get out, but that is the way I feel now." Present bombing tactics, he warned, mean the war could go on "for years to come." At week's end,

INCHON LANDING, OCTOBER 1950: WILL HISTORY REPEAT?



the Air Force was allowed for the first time to hit a key bridge near the center of Hanoi (see THE WORLD), and the Administration was beginning to approve other targets that had previously been off limits.

Allied View. Regardless of the pressure, Johnson is unlikely to make any radical or hasty decisions. The most obvious inhibitions are the risks of encouraging Chinese intervention in Viet Nam and of hardening further the Soviet Union's position. Thus, if Johnson decides to make a land assault on the southernmost portion of North Viet Nam, it is likely to be limited in scope and duration—and to be so labeled in advance. While wider bombing is in prospect, it is doubtful that the President would sanction the obliteration of Haiphong, since Soviet ships would be in the line of fire.

Another factor in his deliberations is next month's Vietnamese election. John-

tion. They argue that Hanoi and Peking only regard U.S. restraint as a sign of weakness.

Celebrated Trait. Johnson, of course, found no such unanimity at home. Critics of both parties on and off Capitol Hill voiced doubts that the Vietnamese elections would be honest, and demanded assurances against "fraud." (However, congressional leaders turned down Saigon's invitation to send observers.) Johnson has already warned Thieu and his running mate, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, that a rigged election would be disastrous in terms of U.S. public opinion about the war. Dr. Martin Luther King announced a nationwide campaign to place war referendums on ballots in local and state elections as a "unique and dramatic way for our people to deliver their mandate against the war."

What King and other critics ignore is that the allies have accomplished a great deal in South Viet Nam. The

THE PRESIDENCY

Lyndon's Low

"If I got to believing all the things that had been written about me," Lyndon Johnson told an aide last week, "I would pack my suitcase and go home." What is being written—and said—is that unless there is a decided upturn in his fortunes before November 1968, Johnson may have to pack that suitcase. Between unrest over urban upheaval, the war and the need to raise taxes, the President's popularity has shriveled almost to the vanishing point.

One Gallup poll last week found that 53% of the electorate think the Republicans have a good chance of winning the presidency in 1968. Another Gallup report and the Louis Harris poll agreed that the percentage of Americans who approve of Johnson's conduct in office is down to 39%, the lowest figure any President has scored in the Gallup sampling since Harry Truman's 31% in 1952. For Johnson, the popularity tumble was rapid. After his June meeting at Glassboro with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, he enjoyed a 52% approval rating according to Gallup, 58% according to Harris.

The swift change indicates the fickle nature of popularity. The figures by themselves prove little 15 months before Election Day, but they are a symptom of Johnson's deep political troubles. The wars, Asian and urban, and such of their echoes as higher taxes, are not likely to disappear soon, and Congress shows little willingness to ease the Administration's difficulties. Top Democrats are openly perturbed. "I can't say things have been worse," says one National Committee official. Michigan's state party chairman, Zoltan Fereny, predicts a Johnson defeat next year if Viet Nam and racial violence "are still with us and being badly handled by the President."



CLIFFORD & TAYLOR AT WHITE HOUSE ON THEIR RETURN
Search for the course between haste and weakness.

son would like to give the newly elected government a chance to get its bearings before undertaking any innovations. General Nguyen Van Thieu, the present chief of state and the military's candidate for President, has announced that if elected (as seems probable), he would be inclined from a position of strength to suspend the bombing for a week and try to instigate peace talks with Hanoi. President Johnson sought peace negotiations before previous military step-ups, and might well try again, however remote the chances of success.

Before making any major policy departure, the Administration may decide to mount another allied summit meeting. After a fact-finding trip through the Pacific, General Maxwell Taylor and Clark Clifford, chairman of the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, this month reported to the President that Thailand, South Korea, Australia and New Zealand all favor sterner military action in Viet Nam and have little concern about possible Chinese interven-

tion. They argue that Hanoi and Peking only regard U.S. restraint as a sign of weakness. U.S. has guaranteed the country's independence, stimulated the beginnings of internal reform and pointed the nation toward democratic self-government—a rare thing in Southeast Asia. Yet the positive side of U.S. policy is too often drowned out in the debate. Even the long-sought Vietnamese election may have already, because of a minor boo-hoo, been permanently stigmatized as a "farce" by premature condemnation on Capitol Hill.

The most dismaying prospect for Americans and their allies in Viet Nam is that President Johnson must make crucial military decisions in a political atmosphere at home that does not encourage either prudence or perseverance—and at a time when his popularity is at an alltime low. Yet if the decisions are not made or do not work, South Viet Nam's independence and the massive American investment in that country may become swift victims of that celebrated American trait, impatience for quick success.

CITIES

Uneasy Calm

The silence in the cities was almost eerie. For the first time in more than two months, slum streets—at least for the time being—were safe and peaceful. Governor George Romney ended the state of emergency in Detroit, Newark nursed its still gaping wounds, and other cities across the nation reviewed the reasons and remedies for riots.

Negative 90th. Most Americans looked to Washington for action. There was little indication, however, that either the President or the Congress—which is becoming known as the "negative 90th"—was of a mind to propose any major attempt to improve the lot of the slum dweller. Under the chairmanship of Mississippi's archsegregationist James Eastland, the Senate Judiciary Committee continued hearings on the causes of the disturbances, as it considered a House-passed anti-riot bill, doing nothing to assuage critics' fears that it was more concerned with repres-

ing slum violence than averting it. The committee called on Leonard Kowalewski, a Newark turnkey who hinted of a conspiracy behind the Newark riots and charged that federal anti-poverty workers helped to bring about the trouble. Nothing like proof was offered.

"Is it true that these rioters have become a privileged class in this country?" asked Arkansas' John McClellan, who will shortly lead his own subcommittee on a riot investigation. "Are they above the law?" Kowalewski assured him that they were. Massachusetts' Edward Kennedy, who has tried to induce the committee to call on urbanologists as well as policemen for explanations, was nonplused. "The quality of witnesses wasn't high to begin with," one of his aides said after Kowalewski appeared, "and it's retrogressed since." As if to underline the approach it intends to take, the Senate at week's end rejected 36 to 26 a motion that would direct McClellan's own investigation to delve into social and economic factors behind the riots.

Humdinger. In the House, meanwhile, a Republican-Southern Democratic coalition inserted strong anti-riot measures into the President's anti-crime bill before sending it on to the Senate. (Other changes would give the states nearly total control over how federal anti-crime grants would be spent, sharply curtailing the supervisory role of the Attorney General.) In the upper chamber, predicted Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, the measure, which gives \$75 million to local police in the first year, will be combined with the House-passed anti-riot bill, which makes it a crime to cross state lines to foment riots. The result, promised Dirksen, "will be a humdinger."

The contrast between the G.O.P. in Congress and the state houses could not have been sharper. Rebuffed in his efforts to get the National Governors Conference to act urgently on the ghetto crisis, New York's Nelson Rockefeller, chairman of the G.O.P. Governors' policy committee, brought together seven of his moderate Republican colleagues,* all but one of them from urban states, to Manhattan for a day-long conference on what the states can do about slum problems.

Though the program they endorsed was not particularly novel, it did make 60 specific recommendations in the fields of law enforcement, education, slum rebuilding and job opportunities that would make slum life more tolerable. While eschewing any hint of political one-upmanship, Rockefeller's held call for state action undoubtedly helped to solidify his position as the leading spokesman for the G.O.P. on urban problems and one of the few national politicians who have any

THE NUMBERS GAME: Sums for Slums

WHILE they may disagree on nearly everything else, the experts who diagnose the nation's urban ills agree that more—much more—federal money is needed if the U.S. is ever to cope effectively with the problems of the slums. How much more? No one can say for sure. Incredible, in the age of computerized government, the Administration cannot even offer a reasonably accurate accounting of the amount it is spending now to alleviate the malaise of the central cities.

Testifying before a Senate committee last year, then Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach officially put Government spending in the cities at \$14.7 billion. In the same week, Robert Weaver, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, reckoned that it actually amounted to \$28.4 billion; and Lyndon Johnson, with lightning application of both old and new math, set it at \$30 billion. This year, Budget Director Charles Schultz admitted to a Senate subcommittee, the Government is giving out only \$10.3 billion in "federal aid payments in urban areas." Even this more down-to-earth figure is probably far too high an estimate of the amount being spent on programs that are actually aimed at slum environments.

Definition Gap. The problem is mostly one of definition. Johnson and Weaver defined aid to the "cities" as any federal expenditure in any community with a population over 2,500—not omitting \$14.6 billion for such items as Social Security and railroad-retirement payments. Katzenbach somehow managed to include in his sum federal grants for agricultural-experiment stations, commercial fisheries, and the systematization of weights and measures. Schultz was a more scrupulous bookkeeper, but even his more modest reckoning includes \$2.1 billion for construction of urban expressways, which hardly help and often visibly harm the poor whose neighborhoods lie in their path. Proposals for two interstate highways that would displace 20,000 of Newark's Negroes were among the most serious grievances of slum dwellers before last month's disastrous riots in that city.

Urbanologists have differing ideas about which Great Society programs most benefit slum dwellers, but all admit ruefully that they have little concrete evidence to back them up. Partly because administrators have been extremely sensitive to criticism, partly because of political pressure for instant successes, "none of the programs have really been evaluat-

ed," says William Garrison, head of Northwestern University's Transportation Center.

Project Head Start, which has put 2,000,000 three- to six-year-olds into the classroom in the past three years, comes as close to having universal approval as any of the dozens of federal programs, and has already "had a very major, very deep" effect, says Werner Hirsch, director of the Institute of Government and Public Affairs at U.C.L.A. But even Head Start money "goes down the sewer," notes Chicago Urbanologist Philip Hauser, if Head Start graduates are then put—as they usually are—into classrooms that are not prepared for them. Most job-training projects also receive high marks. Four Government "skills centers" in Los Angeles have provided training for 840 slum residents, finding jobs for 85% of them since the 1965 Watts riot, while Boston's ABCD (Action for Boston Community Development, Inc.) has put 2,800 people into jobs or training since it began its drive a year ago.

Dribble Here, Dribble There. The Administration's model-cities and rent-supplement programs are generally regarded by experts as imaginative ways of getting to the ghettos' problems. However, both have been so meagerly funded that no hard assessment is yet possible. Given the funds available, suggests University of Chicago Historian Richard Wade, it might be better to concentrate on a few projects, rather than scattering money on more than a hundred. "There are so many programs," he says, "that there's no real way to monitor them and tell what they're doing. So we end up dribbling money into this or that, funding a program for a year or two, then dropping it." Daniel Moynihan, head of the M.I.T.-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies, uses the axiom: "The more programs, the less impact." Coordination is almost as sorely needed as money if federal efforts are to succeed—and both, so far, have been in short supply.

Exaggeration is as much a part of politics as it is of advertising, and ordinarily the Administration might be excused for a little political puffery. There is every reason to believe, however, that it has hampered its own attempts to pry money out of a parsimonious Congress by claiming that it is already spending vast sums in the cities—when in fact it is not. Worse still, it has unrealistically raised the expectations of the poor, most of whom have yet to see much real benefit from Uncle Lyndon's 30 billion green bills.

* Michigan's George Romney, Maryland's Spiro Agnew, Rhode Island's John Chafee, Pennsylvania's Raymond Shafer, Massachusetts' John Volpe, Colorado's John Love and South Dakota's Nils Boe.

real understanding of ghetto conditions.

The states can indeed do much more than they are now doing, but any real hope for progress—as the Governors' statement recognized—still lies with the Federal Government, which alone has resources sufficient for the task. Despite a flurry of imaginative proposals from both sides of the aisle, there was little hope that Congress—dominated by its aging, rural-oriented committee chairmen—would open up those resources without a strong push from the electorate. Yet the man in the best position to stir the American conscience, the President, seemed unusually phlegmatic about the urban crisis.

Though Johnson did act quickly to

DETROIT

Ugly Aftermath

For evidence that most city police and National Guardsmen are woefully ill-prepared to deal with riots, Congress had no need to look beyond Detroit. Last week, in the wake of the violence that took 43 lives in the city, 23 of the deaths were under investigation for possible prosecution of police and Guardsmen on homicide charges. Among other tales of brutal reprisals, investigators learned, were those of a factory worker who was reportedly kicked and beaten to death after taking two bullets as a suspected sniper; a 19-year-old Job Corps trainee who was yanked off his milk

BURTON BENESKY

after getting reports of sniping in the area, 16 police and National Guardsmen, guns blazing, burst into a ground-floor room in Algiers Manor, and manhandled its occupants—at least seven Negro men and two white girls—into spread-eagled positions against a wall. Then, said witnesses, Detroit police and a Guard unit led by a warrant officer indulged in an orgy of beating and bashing that lasted 45 minutes.

"Where's the Sniper?" Smashing gun butts and barrels into hapless suspects, the officers kept asking: "Where's the sniper?" One by one, the room's terrified occupants were ordered into adjoining rooms for more intensive interrogation. While no witness claimed to have seen the actual killings, survivors agree that at least two of the dead youths were taken away and that subsequently shots were heard. Later, the sprawled bodies of the three youths were found lying in blood from buckshot wounds. At week's end, two policemen were formally charged with first-degree murder. Also under arrest as suspects in the killing of a white policeman were two young Negroes, jailed after the shooting of an officer in a scuffle over a gun.

The Newark cab driver whose arrest last month on a traffic charge ignited a five-day riot there sued police for \$700,000, claiming that they beat him with fists and nightsticks. Cabbie John Smith (TIME cover, July 21) filed suit against the two arresting officers and, for good measure, Police Director Dominick Spina and Chief Oliver Kelly, charging "they failed to properly train and supervise" the Newark force.

THE CAPITAL

Semi-Self-Government

For 96 years, residents of the nation's capital have endured taxation without representation, living in a city managed like a colony of the Federal Government. Though in 1961 Washingtonians were granted the right to vote in presidential elections, Southerners dominating the House District Committee have persistently bottled up bills to give the city a government of its own. The reason: Washington, which has always had a sizable Negro population, is now one of two major U.S. cities where the majority of residents (63%) are Negro.*

Washingtonians may not be able to elect their officials for years to come, but last week they won something that approaches self-government. By a vote of 244 to 160, the House accepted President Johnson's plan to revise a municipal charter that has been in effect since President Grant's day.

The President's bill was an artful compromise that was considerably less liberal than the Administration's 1965 proposal to give the district full home rule. The current reorganization plan

* The other is Newark, N.J., with 55%.



G.O.P. GOVERNORS' MEETING IN MANHATTAN
Such a contrast in Congress and the state houses.

see that more Negroes will be recruited into the National Guard—as urged by his new Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, which reported that Negroes number only 1.15% of the total Army Guardsmen—and directed that the organization be better trained in riot control, his general reaction was one of unhurried stoicism. Accepting a bronze bust of Abraham Lincoln from an Illinois group, he observed mildly: "We have been experiencing some of the same problems Abraham Lincoln did 100 years ago. We hope and pray that we can handle them with the compassion and wisdom that he did."

No one could disagree, but some, like Massachusetts' Senator Edward Brooke, thought that prompt, decisive action was also imperative. "It is up to the President," he said, "to stimulate and enlighten the electorate and sell public support for the programs he needs." Brooke added that to wait a year for the full report of the President's Commission, of which he is a member, might prove disastrous. "In a year," he warned, "we could have insurrection. The cities could be burning."

truck, told to run, then shot dead when he did; a four-year-old girl killed when a tank commander sprayed her home's windows with machine-gun fire; and a man shot down for "carrying a gun," though witnesses swear it was only a broomstick.

45 Minute Orgy. The best-authenticated—and most shocking—incident involved three young Negroes who were listed on the police blotter as "apparently shot to death in an exchange of gunfire." According to rumors buzzing through the Negro community, they had been murdered in cold blood. After a thoroughgoing investigation of the killings by Detroit News Reporter Joseph Strickland, city officials reluctantly rounded up a covey of witnesses who agreed that the trio had been shot without provocation.

The Negroes had been staying at Algiers Manor, a tacky three-story annex behind a Woodward Avenue motel. Police records show that the place had been a haven for prostitution, narcotics and stolen ammunition; one night at the height of the riots, police hauled out a man with a rifle. Next night,

will provide at least the structure of conventional city government. It scraps the triumvirate of presidentially appointed commissioners who, no matter what their abilities, have always given Washington an unresponsive, cumbersome rule. In their place, the city will soon have a single chief executive, an assistant, and a nine-member city council. All will be appointed by the President, and Congress will continue to appropriate the funds for Washington's budget—even though 80% of the city's current expenses are paid for by local taxes. Unlike the present government, the new administration will be permitted to transfer funds from one city agency to another without applying to Congress for approval.

The President is expected to appoint a majority of Negroes to the council, and possibly a Negro chief executive. Thus, for the first time since Reconstruction, Washington will have a local government that represents its population pattern if not—directly—its people.

THE ECONOMY

Record Employment

More Americans held jobs in July than at any other time in the nation's history. According to a Department of Labor report, 76,200,000 American men and women are employed, up 1,500,000 from the same period a year ago. Unemployment, which for 18 months had remained relatively stable, dipped slightly from 4% to 3.9%, even though 3,600,000 youngsters between 16 and 21 have poured into the labor force since April.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Arms & the Bank

Since World War II, the U.S. has sold and given to friendly nations nearly \$50 billion worth of arms, generally with the full support of Congress. Of late, however, many political leaders have undergone a change of heart. With the Indian-Pakistani war in 1965 and this year's Arab-Israeli hostilities—both conflicts in which American weapons were used by each side against the other—Senate critics have charged that U.S. arms sales, far from serving freedom and peace, may actually do the opposite. Last week, after bitter Senate debate, Administration forces defeated, by 49 votes to 40, an amendment that would have barred the sale of arms to any underdeveloped country.

As it was, the Senate cut such trade roughly in half. It voted to limit arms trade by the U.S. Export-Import Bank with underdeveloped countries to 74% of the bank's lending capacity, thus slashing by 50% next year's planned \$256 million in such loans. After that, Minority Leader Everett Dirksen set a battle to bar Ex-Im Bank from financing machine tools for an Italian Fiat plant in Russia, but Virginia's Harry Byrd succeeded in getting through an amendment forbidding Ex-Im to ex-

tend credit to governments that send supplies to any nation "with which the United States is engaged in armed conflict." Since Italy has minor trade dealings with Hanoi, the Administration-backed Fiat deal seemed to be quashed. To make certain, the Senate at week's end made the Fiat ban specific.

Leverage. Opposition to the weapons trade will adversely affect U.S. efforts to even its balance of payments—the major reason for the Administration's decision in 1960 to switch from outright grants to sales of weapons. Moreover, say Administration officials, such sales in general help to correct power imbalances, counter Soviet influence in the Middle East and elsewhere, and

tee, but there was even more in store. Suddenly he found himself eyeball to eyeball with Florida's Republican Governor Claude R. Kirk Jr., who had walked into the ballpark and up to the speaker's area at home plate.

Said Kirk, grabbing the microphone from Brown: "Welcome to Florida." Brown stared blankly at the Governor.

Kirk (offering his hand to Brown): "You are welcome if you came here in faith and in spirit. We don't want any talk about guns."

Brown (brusquely ignoring Kirk's hand): "Let me have the microphone. I didn't ask you to come here."

Kirk: "Mr. Brown, we welcome you to Florida. If you are here in good spir-



RAP BROWN & GOVERNOR KIRK IN JACKSONVILLE
With a pretty good tag line from Walter.

allow the U.S. "to use what leverage we have to get countries to minimize their purchases." In fact, the arms trade with underdeveloped countries amounts to only 10% of the nation's sales of weapons.

Though the Administration narrowly managed to extend Ex-Im's power to extend arms loans for another five years, it will face an even sterner challenge this week when the President's foreign aid bill reaches the Senate. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has trimmed \$736 million from Johnson's requests—including the Defense Department's \$383 million revolving fund for arms loans to poorer countries.

FLORIDA

Two for a Monologue

"Sissy Brown, we don't need you—go home!" chanted a quarter of the 200 Jacksonville Negroes gathered at a Black Power rally in a baseball park to hear Firebrand H. Rap Brown last week. Such open hostility was surprise enough for the youthful chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Commit-

tee, I'm glad you are here. Are you here in good spirits?"

Brown: "I'll speak without the mike then."

The Crowd (chanting): "We want Rap! We want Rap!"

Brown: "If we can't hold the rally here, we'll hold it somewhere else, man."

Kirk (to crowd): "Quiet, quiet. May I have your attention." The chants grow louder, drowning out Kirk.

Brown (capturing the microphone from Kirk, who retreats to the bleachers): "If this honkie wants to campaign, let him pay for it. Don't come here and run no game on me."

Rant & Sigh. Haranguing the crowd, Brown then advised them that "if you are gonna loot, brother, loot a gun store. Don't be running around here looting no liquor, 'cause liquor's just for celebrating. We ain't got nothing to celebrate about. You better get yourselves some guns, baby." While Brown ranted, Kirk sighed. "Nobody wants to hear me talk. It's a shame. I can give dandy speeches at the drop of a hat."

Though Brown repeatedly urged Negroes to arm themselves, Kirk said after-

ward that he had not violated a two-week-old state law that imposes a two-year prison sentence for inciting a riot. Debate, said the Governor, "is our way of life. If Mr. Castro, who is only 90 miles away, comes to Florida, I'll debate with him." Asked if he thought Brown also was a Communist, Kirk borrowed one of Walter Reuther's old tag lines: "If it looks like a duck and walks like a duck, it must be a duck." Nevertheless, the Governor thought that Brown, a dropout in his senior year at Louisiana's Southern University Agriculture and Mechanical College, still had a lot to learn about demagoguery. "If that's the way to start a riot," said Kirk, "he's not much at it."

The way to deflate Brown Power, the Governor suggested, is not to give Rap less TV coverage—as some have suggested—but more. Said Kirk: "Give him three hours on national TV, and then forget about it."

Another Kind of Fighter

When H. Rap Brown was in diapers and Stokely Carmichael a three-year-old toddler, a group of fledgling Negro flyers shattered tradition in an unsuccessful attempt to integrate the all-white officers' club at Selfridge Field near Detroit. That was in 1944. Last week a veteran of that long-ago sit-in challenged today's hot gospellers of Black Power.

"I resent Stokely setting himself up as a spokesman for Negroes," boomed Daniel ("Chappie") James Jr., 47, now a full colonel and the U.S. Air Force's hottest Negro combat pilot. "That s.o.b. is leading too many kids astray. Under

the guise of civil rights, some people set the racial effort back 100 years." James is vice commander of the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing based in Thailand, and already has 56 sweeps over North Viet Nam under his belt. Until it was adopted by Black Power activists, a black panther was his personal trademark.

Between raids north, James strafed ghetto rioters. "I'm not a nonviolent man," averred the massive (6 ft. 4 in., 230 lbs.) ex-footballer, who has to be shoehorned into the cockpit of his F-4 Phantom jet. "I'm a fighter. But I respect the law of the country. The trouble with burning down your homes is that you can't really be free without a place to be free in."

MISSISSIPPI

They Voted

Though in many Mississippi counties blacks outnumber whites by 2 to 1, only one Negro has held public office in the state for nearly a century. Last week, with record numbers of Negroes registered and voting in the Democratic primary, the white monopoly began to crack.

While no Negro won a statewide post, 15 were nominated as candidates for county posts, and twelve of them will face no opposition in November's election. Six won the nomination for justice of the peace, four for constable, three for supervisor, one for coroner and another for chancery clerk. Twenty-two others, including four campaigning for sheriff, got enough votes to enter the August 29 primary.

The impact of the Negro vote was also evident in the gubernatorial race, in which two comparative middle-of-the-roads—by Mississippi standards—beat former Governor Ross Barnett and four other candidates. Facing each other in the runoff will be State Treasurer William Winter, 44, an able administrator and reluctant segregationist, who won the top spot with 218,045 votes, and Congressman John Bell Williams, 48, a Democrat for Goldwater in 1964, who generally avoided airing his racist views and got 194,230 votes. Despite Winter's early lead, the pros picked Williams as the likely winner, since he stands to pick up the 118,675 votes cast for Radio Disk Jockey Jimmy Swan and the 74,726 for Barnett, both implacable racists.

Delta Gains. In the campaign for Lieutenant Governor, voting was so close between Governor Paul Johnson, 51 (who ran for the No. 2 spot because state law prevents him from succeeding himself), and State Representative Roy Black, 52, that a recount appeared necessary for the runoff against Front Runner Attorney Charley Sullivan, 42. Byron De La Beckwith, still under indictment after two mistrials for the 1963 murder of Civil Rights Leader Medgar Evers, netted only 34,000 votes. In all, 670,000 of



CHARLES EVERS (RIGHT) & CANDIDATE
Crack in the monopoly.

the state's 800,000 eligible voters went to the polls, including nearly 70% of the 194,000 registered Negroes. Most Negro gains were in the delta area where Evers' brother, Charles, has vigorously organized voters since 1964.

Doing All Right. Despite the large Negro vote, violence came only after the election. At a farm near Fayette, where Evers has his headquarters, Farmer Cecil Kling, 54, was so riled by the success of Negro candidates that he pulled a shotgun on four Negro farmhands and declared: "I'm gonna shoot you all." When one of the Negroes, Samuel Carroll, 53, tried to plead with him, Kling triggered a fatal shotgun blast into Carroll's heart. "I oughta kill all of you," snapped Kling, then drove into town and gave himself up. That night, 400 angry Negroes demonstrated in Fayette, but Evers kept them from rioting by arguing that "the only people we would hurt would be ourselves."

Evers had his eye squarely on the elections. "We didn't do what we hoped," he allowed, "but we did all right." Negro leaders this week will hold a strategy meeting to concentrate their support for local candidates and size up the race for Governor. "We will pick a candidate," said Evers. "But we're not gonna say who it is."

CALIFORNIA

End of the Dance

Not all of San Francisco's hippies live by flower power. Last week the city's psychedelic enclave, the Haight-Ashbury district, was shaken out of its roseate trance by the brutal murders of two hippie drug peddlers.

First to die was John Kent ("Shob") Carter, 25, whose body was found one night in his psychedelically painted apartment. He had been stabbed twelve times with a butcher knife, and his right arm was severed at the elbow. A few days later near Sausalito, a pair of hikers discovered the body of William



COLONEL CHAPPIE JAMES
Challenge to the gospellers.

Thomas, 26, a Negro who billed himself in the Haight as "Superspade." He had been stabbed and shot to death, trussed in a sleeping bag and left to dangle from the top of an ocean-side cliff.

Blue Suede. Shob Carter's murder was apparently solved when a police officer spotted the victim's battered black Volkswagen, bearing stolen license plates, 35 miles north of San Francisco. In the car were \$2,657 in cash evidently stolen from the prosperous peddler, and the driver, a daredevil motorcycle racer named Eric Dahlstrom, 23. Beside him on the seat was a grisly piece of evidence: Carter's right forearm, neatly sutured at the severed end and wrapped in a blue suede bag.

Dahlstrom, who admitted that he used marijuana, LSD and amphetamines, was not shy about discussing the crime—though his tale was scarcely coherent. Even before talking to his lawyer, he spilled out his story in prison to the San Francisco Examiner's Mary Crawford. He spoke of a bad LSD trip brought on by a dose that Carter had sold him. Later Dahlstrom told a reporter about what he called "the struggle": "He was convulsing as he went down. That's why I stabbed him some more—maybe a little too much. I hadn't had life in my hands before like that."

Why had he severed the forearm? Said Dahlstrom: "The hand is a man's history." Then he had an astrological reflection: "I'm a Cancer. I'm not a hard person normally."

Police speculated that Dahlstrom may have been high on "speed" (amphetamines), which can cause distinct paranoia and hostility. Says Dr. David E. Smith, founder of a Haight-Ashbury medical clinic that ministers to bad-tripping hippies: "Amphetamines are the biggest drug problem now in the Haight."

No Mafia. While police doubt any connection between the murders of Carter and Superspade Thomas, many hippies believe that Thomas was killed by Mafia mobsters who wanted to eliminate competition. Thomas had a highly successful drug dealership, was on his way to make a \$40,000 pickup when he disappeared. Hippies also think that the syndicate is tipping the narcotics squad on small pushers in order to drive them out of the psychedelic market. However, Matthew O'Connor, head of the state's narcotics enforcement squad in San Francisco, says flatly: "Neither the Mafia nor any other syndicate is involved here. We've been looking for it. We've traced the sources, and there is no syndicate involved."

With or without syndicate assistance, Haight-Ashbury was getting to be a very bad scene. Last week a hippie on a bad LSD trip killed himself by jumping from a Marin County dam. Another told friends in July that LSD rendered him "indestructible," then leaped to his death in front of a San Francisco commuter train. In an effort to restore peace and quiet, if not san-



JOHN CARTER



ERIC DAHLSTROM



SUPERSPADE THOMAS

Very bad scene, with or without the syndicate.

ity, a hippie house organ called *The Oracle* editorialized: "Do not buy or sell dope any more. Let's detach ourselves from material value. Plant dope and give away all you can reap. For John Carter and William Edward Superspade Thomas—may their consciousness return to bodies that will not want for anything but the beauty and joy of their part in the great dance."

NEW YORK

Hooker's Market

Since the days of Fiorello La Guardia, New York has seemed a fairly antiseptic town. No more. Oldtimers and out-of-town tourists alike are astonished this summer at the parade of prostitutes who have turned midtown Manhattan into a bawdwalk that compares with Rio de Janeiro's Avenida Atlantica or Rome's Via Veneto.

Tricked out in such garish plumage

as bouffant vermillion coiffures, patterned stockings and silver demi-minidresses, the new whore corps is aggressive, ubiquitous and expensive (around \$1 per minute). In the past five years, three huge new hotels, catering mostly to out-of-town conventioners, have deluged the midtown area with lonely, well-to-do customers. Obeying the laws of supply and demand, girls from Harlem, Queens and states halfway across the country have flocked in to mullet the ever-growing clientele. Many of them are blonde-wigged Negroes sporting the furled umbrellas that seem to be badges of the trade.

New York's police would like to clear the streets, but the task is difficult and often futile. As Deputy Police Commissioner Jacques Nevard argues, "Jail for the girls is a revolving door." New York police are arresting trollops at a rate that has increased by 73% in the past two years, and the number of repeaters rises in proportion. Of the 795 women arrested in midtown Manhattan in the first six months of this year, 67% had prior prostitution records; each girl averaged seven arrests. A revised state penal code will limit prostitution sentences to a mere 15 days, and so the revolving door will spin faster and faster.

As for the girls, they earn easily \$150 each in a twelve-hour working day. But nearly all of them, in keeping with the age-old code of their craft, turn over their earnings to their pimps, many of whom manage stables of four or five tarts each and give them back no more than \$10 a day for expenses. The girls in return seem to achieve one of their few genuine gratifications at the sight of their flashily attired ponces tooling down Broadway in chauffeured "hogs" (Cadillacs).

A onetime nurse named Barbara sighs: "The life is a drag. I hate it, but I can't get out. I'm just like a junkie." She may become even more like a junkie. Many pimps double as pushers and give samples to their protégées. Eventually, the majority of the girls, thanks to their pimps, wind up as hopeless narcotics addicts, working New York's slum flophouses for 50¢ a "trick."



PROPOSITION ON BROADWAY
Ever faster spins the revolving door.

CORRUPTION IN ASIA

THE Thais call it *gin muong* (nation eating). In Chinese, it is known as *tan wu* (greedy impurity), in Japanese *oshoku* (dirty job), and to the Pakistanis, it is *ooper ki adami* (income from above). Every Oriental language has its own phrase for corruption—and in every tongue the words are unpleasantly familiar. All around the rim of mainland China, many Asian nations are making notable progress, but the greatest obstacle remains the furtive hand in the till, the kickback artist, the bagman, the specialist in "squeeze." Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos, who has more than his share of corruption to bog him down at home, is convinced that "we must change a whole way of life. We must do it or fail to survive."

Chiseling is a part of the Asian ambience, from the ramshackle capital of lazy little Laos to the broad boulevards of booming Bangkok and the expense-account nightclubs of prosperous Japan. Even rigid Communist disciplinarians have failed to suppress the fast-buck artist: from Red China come tales of profiteering in the communes; refugees report that shady officials do a brisk business in exit permits; and the government is constantly renewing its "Four Cleans" anti-corruption campaign. As for North Viet Nam, Hanoi recently headlined a Politburo official's complaint that party members were indulging in "dubious financial situations" and "incorrect borrowing."

That could mean anything, for as any Asian can testify, the technique of the take has infinite varieties. A stranger at the airport in Vientiane should not be startled if the customs official politely demands a 100-kip "deposit" for the transistor radio in his baggage. In the Philippines, some of the busiest businessmen are the "commuters," people who travel back and forth between Manila and Hong Kong counting on bribed customs officials to let them return with luggage loaded with wristwatches, diamonds or electronic equipment. An applicant for a government contract in New Delhi may find his documents interminably lost between offices unless he helps them along with "speed money" for well-placed civil servants. In Indonesia, soldiers stop autos at gunpoint to extort fees from travelers, wander into shops to demand goods for nothing. In Thailand, the wise businessman bidding on a government contract might end his visit to a government official by letting a well-filled wallet slip to the floor and exclaiming: "Why, you've dropped your wallet with 50,000 bahts [\$2,400] in it!" One foreign contractor who did just that was dumfounded when the Thai official calmly replied, "Oh, no, I dropped my wallet with 150,000 bahts in it."

Be Not Concerned

The evil of corruption, to be sure, is not peculiarly Oriental. Greed, dishonesty and bribery taint some men in every society, and in every age. Asians rightly resent any holier-than-thou attitude on the part of foreigners. They could cite the practices of the U.S.'s Bobby Baker and Adam Clayton Powell, of Sicily's Mafia or France's tax collectors. And beyond obvious knavery, more accepted forms of Western activity can raise Oriental eyebrows. One prime example, says Harvard's East Asia specialist John Fairbank, "is the U.S. oil-depletion allowance, which gives a special benefit to special-interest groups. It's legal, but is it legal corruption?"

Yet despite Western shortcomings at home, there is a difference. In the West, corruption takes ingenuity. In Asia (and to a lesser extent, in Africa and the Middle East), corruption is habitual and even traditional. The ancient Sanskrit Code of Bhraspati noted with regret the passing of the golden days when "men were strictly virtuous." In the third century B.C., the Indian sage Kautilya defined 40 different kinds of embezzlement of government funds, urged his

ruler to run all his ministers through an obstacle course of temptations: "Religious allurements, monetary allurements, love allurements, and allurements under fear." Even then, Kautilya explained, it would be "impossible for a government servant not to eat up at least a bit of the king's revenue."

In ancient China, payoffs were common from the lowest rung of society to the highest. Most Asians, then and now, would be startled by the suggestion that such practices are anything more than the normal prerogatives of power. In fact, "corruption" is really only a Western word. The stern ethical injunctions against wrongdoing embedded in the Judaeo-Christian tradition are nowhere to be found in the otherworldly concepts of Asian religions. Buddhist doctrine lacks the concept of a wrathful God who punishes evil. "Be not concerned with right and wrong," said Seng Ts'an, the 6th century Buddhist patriarch. "The conflict between the two is a sickness of the mind."

To the Asians, what has counted most was not duty to nation but duty to family and friend. "The narrower loyalty always takes precedence over the wider," wrote Hindu Essayist Nirad Chaudhuri. Preference goes first to kinfolk, then to caste members, then to the district, and last to the nation. Said Lin Yutang in *My Country and My People*: "The minister who robs the nation to feed the family, either for the present or for the next three or four generations, is only trying to be a 'good' man of the family."

Invasions of Privacy

Family loyalty is the binding force in Asian society. In the Philippines, for example, nepotism is a way of life. And beyond blood ties, there is the *compadre* system, by which a parent selects as prominent a friend as he can find to serve as a sort of godfather for his child. The ideal is to find a successful personage who will lend influential aid to the child—and who will later expect reciprocal support.

The problem of Manila's mayor, Antonio Villegas, is a case in point. When it was discovered last year that the mayor's coffers contained far more pesos than seemed reasonable in the light of his income, an investigation was launched. Witnesses who had helped him out under curious circumstances were asked to explain in court. One government official admitted lending Villegas 30,000 pesos (\$7,700) without interest because he was the mayor's *compadre*. An assistant declared he had given Villegas loans without collateral because he regarded the boss as "my own son." A wealthy Manila businessman testified that he had lent Villegas' wife 15,000 pesos because the mayor "was like a brother to me." With that, Villegas denounced the investigation as an invasion of his family's privacy. The case was dismissed on a technicality, and Villegas is still mayor.

Rampant though nepotism is, it represents only a part of the corruption that permeates the Philippines from top to bottom. Today's generation was taught to steal from those in authority as a matter of patriotic duty in the chaotic wartime years of Japanese occupation, and the habit has lingered on. Kickbacks, voting-place vandalism, judge buying and customhouse connivance are still the fashion. At a busy Manila intersection, a white-uniformed traffic cop waves through the traffic. As each passenger-laden taxi passes by, a hand shoots out and deftly deposits something in the cop's cupped fist. "Corruption?" blurts an astonished cab driver. "He needs it for his family. And if I didn't give him 50 centavos once in a while, he wouldn't let me park near the intersection waiting for passengers. He gets something. I get something. How can you call that corruption?"

In South Viet Nam, an equally permissive atmosphere has been bolstered by war and galloping inflation. Though Premier Nguyen Cao Ky's hands appear clean, the resort town of Dalat is dotted with the elaborate villas of his gen-

erals, whose modest salaries are obviously being supplemented from other sources. The squeeze runs on down into the lower echelons. One high government official pulls out a document detailing the history of a pig between a Delta farm and a Saigon slaughterhouse. The farmer gets 6,800 piasters (about \$57), and truck transport is another 400. But on the 50-mile journey, the pig has to pass through seven National Police checkpoints, established to guard against Viet Cong smuggling of weapons or other war supplies. Each checker exacts a little something—enough to increase the delivered price by another \$12. Padding payrolls is a favorite device for profiteers. A pacification official in Gia Dinh province, for example, was caught collecting the pay for a 59-man Revolutionary Development cadre that in fact had 42 members. Though many sidewalk stalls of black-marketeers have been closed down, Saigon still has a thriving trade in illicit Western luxury goods pilfered or bought from the huge stocks brought in by the U.S. Veterans of the Korean War are reminded of the vast theft-ridden port of Pusan. "The Koreans were really much better at this than the Vietnamese," says one.

Neighboring Thailand, where the economy is also fattening on a rich diet of U.S. cash, is happily exercising what amounts to Asia's most institutionalized system of corruption. From ancient times, Thai officials have shored up their legal income by "tax farming"—that is, by collecting a quota of cash or goods from peasants and villagers. Today, everyone is still expected to expand his salary by shrewd use of the influence of his office. The general who runs the government tourist organization, for example, serves on the board of the privately owned Siam Inter-Continental Hotel. At Udorn, where U.S. jets take off to bomb North Viet Nam, the Thai airbase commander owns the local bus line. In Korat, another center of U.S. military activity, no one can open a new nightclub without cutting in the commanding general of the Royal Thai Second Army.

Dead End

To the Thais, it is all a matter of degree. "There is a difference between corruption and privilege," explains a prominent educator. "It becomes corruption when one gets greedy and takes too much." Thus, when Premier Sarit Thanarat was alive, no one was particularly concerned about the obvious financial benefits he and his relatives were enjoying as a direct result of his position. Sarit's wife got more than her share of special favors in her silk business; hordes of cousins, uncles and in-laws controlled 15 companies that had special government concessions. But Sarit's death was followed by a certain official chagrin. For only then was it discovered that he had siphoned \$29 million of public funds into his own pocket, partly to support no fewer than 100 "minor wives" (concubines). No one denied his talent in government; he had simply paid himself too much. A somewhat embarrassed government appointed a special committee to probe the estate, and, typically, its report was never published.

For all that, the Asian tendency to take graft for granted is now being recognized as a debilitating mistake. Recently, even revered King Bhumibol Adulyadej added his voice to the growing concern. "I am at a dead end to offer a solution to the corruption problem," he told a student group. He added, only half in jest: "If we solved the problem by executing people, Thailand would be left with few people."

Other Asian countries share the same growing anxiety, which, in large part, reflects their contact with Western ethics. Once it was almost patriotic to steal from a colonial government, but that excuse is now gone. What is left is colonial teaching about the evils of corruption—and almost daily reminders that by bribery and graft, onetime colonial subjects are now harming only themselves. Not long ago, the Malaysian government organized an "Honesty Month" to instill a sense of duty among civil servants; after a series of lectures, things improved considerably. Some campaigns are notably less successful. When the privilege-ridden little government of Laos established an "economic police force," its members were soon demanding a cut from the very busi-

nessmen they were supposed to investigate. "They are economic parasites," fumed one Vientiane merchant. "It is one bit of bribery that I really object to paying."

In Japan, last year's "Black Mist" scandals, involving several Cabinet ministers, stirred such a public outcry that Premier Eisaku Sato felt it necessary, in his speech at the opening of the 53rd Diet session last December, to promise to "regain the confidence of the people" with "rigid investigations." In India, the national government was similarly goaded into commissioning a retired Supreme Court justice to investigate charges that Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed had vastly enriched himself and his family in his 16-year tenure as deputy prime minister, then prime minister of Jammu and Kashmir. Last month, after two years of hearings, the judge found that Bakshi had indeed been guilty of abusing his power, pointing out that the assets of the entire Bakshi family, which amounted to roughly \$1,300 when he took office in 1947, had risen to about \$2,000,000 when he resigned in 1963. But the judge's verdict was Asiatically restrained. Most of the money was not acquired by Bakshi himself, he noted, but by some 40 relatives, including his two wives, son and daughter, four brothers, cousins, in-laws and sons of in-laws, and derived "from what one might term natural advantages which those connected by ties of relationship or friendship with those in high office enjoy."

Baleful Light

Like all problems these days, the problem of corruption seems to fall under a particularly baleful light in South Viet Nam, with the critics more critical and the actors more self-conscious. Two weeks ago, General Nguyen Van Thieu signed a decree calling for death by hanging of any military or governmental employee caught taking bribes, abusing his office or stealing public funds. And he and Strongman Nguyen Cao Ky pledged an all-out attack on corruption if the voters kept the military government in office. Critics dismissed this as an election gimmick. But even Ky's civilian rivals conceded that corruption is a problem almost beyond politics. A recent military investigation ordered by Ky petered out after the fingering of a handful of junior officers. The highest-ranking officer accused, a colonel charged with accepting bribes from recruits who wanted to be excused from service, was merely demoted one rank and briefly placed under house arrest. "It is the system," sighed one official, "and it isn't going to be changed no matter who is elected and no matter what Ky says. It goes back to the mandarins. It will take a long, long time. To clean it up, we rely on the provincial authorities, and if they have a vested interest in it, then why are they going to stop it?"

Thus, for all the efforts of Asian leaders, it is likely that the odor of Asian corruption will linger for some time to come, though perhaps not with the ripe impact achieved by an independent legislator in South Korea's National Assembly, when he dumped a can of human excrement over a row of Cabinet ministers he accused of letting smugglers operate in the country. Progress is needed on every front—social, economic, political. Education is an imperative, for a well-informed electorate will hold to closer account the officials of a democratic government. And opposition parties must be encouraged so that voters will have a meaningful alternative to an administration corrupted by long years of uncontested rule. Better communications will bring the fire of a crusading press to distant villages, and the ire of distant villages to bear on the people in power. Increased contacts with the rest of the world should help to develop greater understanding of the techniques of government and business competition; and this, in turn, would encourage the confidence of Western leaders and international agencies, tired of seeing their aid money siphoned off into illicit channels.

This process has already begun. For Asians are acquiring a taste for the material advantages of Western life and developing a respect for the benefits of free enterprise. And along with this taste and this respect, they are beginning to realize that the old ways, which they call traditional but the West calls corrupt, are simply not good business.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Dustup at Dong Ha

The town crier of Quang Tri strolled through the streets of South Viet Nam's northernmost provincial capital and shouted his message through a megaphone hammered from old U.S. beer cans: "I would like to tell the people that the candidates for the presidential elections will be here to talk to you. Come to the public school and listen to them." In response, a crowd of more than 1,000 gathered at the school to wait for the candidates on the ten civilian slates who were scheduled to make Quang Tri their first stop on a seven-day campaign swing from the DMZ in the north to the Mekong Delta in the south.

While the crowd waited, the Vietnamese air force C-47 carrying the candidates put down on the nearby airstrip at Dong Ha. If the flight had ended in a spectacular crash, it could hardly have earned more headlines from Saigon to Washington. The candidates were outraged to find no reception committee, no hoopla, no autos. Misinformed about their plans, the province chief was waiting for them at another airstrip. The only transportation at Dong Ha was three dusty U.S. Marine trucks waiting for passengers on another plane. The drivers were willing to let the candidates hitch a ride, but almost to a man, the travelers said it was beneath their dignity to roll into Quang Tri aboard such nondescript vehicles. In a huff, they flew back to Saigon and held a press conference. There they blamed the mix-up on their military rivals, Chief of State General Nguyen Van Thieu and Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, who, they said, were sabotaging the campaign.

Wartime Snafu. Honestly surprised by the furor, Thieu and Ky called a press conference of their own to ex-

plain what went wrong. Far from being sabotage, the dustup at Dong Ha, said Thieu, was only a wartime snafu. And the person most responsible for the foul-up was not a government official; he was the chairman of the central campaign committee, whom the civilian candidates themselves had appointed. The chairman had failed to give the province chief the correct information. But even though the reception committee found itself at the wrong airstrip, Thieu continued, it rushed to Dong Ha once it got the word. If the candidates had waited only 15 minutes longer, they would have been properly convoyed to the rally.

After the press conference, Thieu and Ky went further to deny sabotage. In a letter to the candidates, they pointed out that each slate was given \$45,000 for campaign travel and literature. The law requires no more. Use of government planes and cars, the letter said, is a fringe benefit supplied out of government "good will." Wryly the letter concluded: "In the DMZ area there are not as many conveniences as in rear areas. If conditions are not as expected, you are requested please not to consider these little things as important."

"How Can We Unite?" Though no one questioned the accuracy of Thieu's report on the Dong Ha dustup, the significant details went largely unreported in the U.S. until aired in a statement by Assistant Secretary of State William P. Bundy. Before that, Senators of both parties jumped at the chance of charging Ky with turning the election into a "fraud" and a "charade." The "Dong Ha incident," they said, was as bad as Ky's refusal to let General Duong Van Minh return from Thailand to campaign for the presidency.

In Viet Nam, the civilian candidates for a while threatened to refuse to campaign until the government gave new guarantees for their safety and travel.

There was also a suggestion that nine of the candidates were ready to withdraw in favor of Tran Van Huong, 63, the onetime Premier (1965) who is the front-running civilian candidate. Such coordinated action, however, seemed improbable. "How can we unite?" asked Presidential Candidate Ha Thuc Ky (no kin to the Premier). "We all have different policies and different numbers of followers."

Whether or not the civilians pull out of the campaign, Thieu and Ky are likely to remain the heavy favorites. Although they are not campaigning with the civilians, they are showing no signs of complacency. Last week Ky helicoptered from one Mekong Delta hamlet to another, snipped a ribbon that officially reopened the long-besieged Mang Thit-Nicolai canal (TIME, Aug. 11), handed out gifts of U.S. outboard motors and blankets, chatted with the villagers. He was not campaigning, Ky said with a straight face. He was only doing his duty as Premier.

Viet Cong Chaos. The coming election is also stirring the Viet Cong to new activity. In the past few days, the Saigon police have rounded up 30 V.C. suspects, including the chief terrorist in the Saigon area, a man who received his demolition training in North Viet Nam. After "intensive questioning," the V.C. admitted that they were under orders to create havoc in the pre-election period by setting off mines at points carefully chosen to injure the maximum number of women and children. In the provinces, the Viet Cong have been ordered to attack candidates, raid election stations, destroy ballot boxes and pressure peasants to boycott the polls. During last September's elections for the Constituent Assembly, the V.C. assassinated 37 candidates and campaign workers. Since the presidential election is far more important, this time they are aiming higher.



TRAN VAN HUONG (AT MICROPHONE) & CIVILIAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES AT SAIGON PRESS CONFERENCE
A reception beneath their dignity, as many headlines as if they had crashed.

THE WAR

One Bridge, One Buffalo

Even as a growing group of U.S. Senators complained that many of the most vital military and transportation facilities in North Viet Nam remain untouched, U.S. bombs rained down last week on a hitherto inviolate target: the one-mile Long Bien Bridge. Less than two miles from downtown Hanoi, the French-built bridge carries all the rail and road traffic between the North Vietnamese capital and China. U.S. Thunderchief and Phantom fighter-bombers scored four direct hits on the steel structure, sent a 300-ft. center span splashing into the Red River. Elsewhere over the North, Air Force fighter-bombers pounded rail yards, and Navy pilots shot down two MIG-21s.

Aware that North Vietnamese regulars are concentrating troops in the A Shau valley 60 miles west of Danang, the U.S. sent B-52s to bomb the area. Air Cavalry troopers landed by helicopter on top of a nest of tunnels in the central province of Quang Ngai, rooted out the North Vietnamese defenders and blew up the bunkers. In the same province, 4th Division troops flushed an entire North Vietnamese battalion and killed 65, losing only one man themselves.

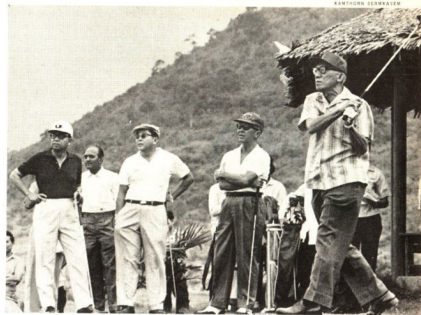
Farther south in Hau Nghia province, a four-man U.S. patrol was attacked in a paddy by a water buffalo. Results of the action, according to a military spokesman in Saigon: "Four U.S. injured and one individual weapon lost to enemy horns." Added the officer, "About two hours later, a resupply helicopter spotted in the same area a water buffalo with an M-16 rifle hanging on its horns. The gunner dogs engaged the enemy. Final score: one enemy buffalo killed and one individual weapon recovered."

ASIA

Sports-Shirt Diplomacy

The Foreign Ministers of Indonesia, the Philippines, Malaysia and Singapore arrived in Bangkok ready to join with Thailand in the serious business of creating a new, five-nation economic alliance. But Host Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman decreed pleasure before business. He whisked the diplomats off to the nearby seaside resort of Bang Saen for two preconference days of golf and conviviality. It was a shrewd move. By the time the ministers sat down last week for their formal deliberations, everyone had done so much private lobbying, a consensus had already emerged. "We'd all been so busy implanting ideas in the minds of others in private conversations," said one delegate, "that we didn't know whether it was finally our idea turning up in another version—or someone else's."

The combined ideas added up to a determination to create an alliance for trade, aid and economic harmonizing that may eventually lead to a more far-



TEERING OFF* AT BANG SAEN DURING ASIAN PARLEY
Good business from pleasure before business.

reaching customs union of the five. The first joint efforts will include such modest projects as tourist promotion and cooperative fishing and shipping enterprises. The new alliance differs from such earlier Asian nonmilitary groupings as the Asian Productivity Organization, Association for Southeast Asia, and Asian and Pacific Council in that it includes Indonesia—the largest and potentially the richest nation in Southeast Asia. And though South Viet Nam was not included because of the war, the five left the door open for other nations to join, when their desires and domestic conditions permit.

So effective was Khoman's sports-shirt diplomacy that the five's remaining stumbling block was what to call their creation. The logical first choice was SEAAARC, for Southeast Asian Association for Regional Cooperation, but Filipino tongues stumbled over the construction. Those agile acronymists, the Indonesians, came to the rescue with ASEAN—and the Association of South-east Asian Nations was christened.

The contagion of cooperation was not limited to Southeast Asia. Even as ASEAN was being born, Japan met one of the toughest tests of its regional role in the Northwest Pacific, by agreeing to \$270 million in credits to finance South Korea's second five-year plan and the purchase of ships and fishing equipment. The Koreans, who still remember long, painful years of Japanese colonial rule, reciprocated in a way that would have been unthinkable a few years ago: they agreed to conduct the talks in Japanese.

* Philippine Foreign Secretary Narciso Ramos swings while Malaysia's Tun Abdul Razak (left) and Host Thanat Khoman (center) watch.

MIDDLE EAST

The Waiting Game

Egyptian cannon fired again last week, this time in welcome to one of the Arabs' staunchest friends, Josip Broz Tito. When the Yugoslav President's plane arrived in Cairo, Gamal Abdel Nasser warmly embraced his 75-year-old visitor. Then, after reviewing the Egyptian honor guard, the two leaders drove off to Nasser's presidential palace for three days of talk about war and peace.

According to his own advance billing, Tito brought with him a set of proposals for peace. As worked out in Yugoslavia, a proper compromise would require Israel to withdraw from the Arab territories it now occupies, while the Arab nations would declare an end to belligerency with Israel, thus in effect recognizing Israel's right to exist as a nation. Though the Suez Canal and Gulf of Aqaba would revert to Egyptian control, Israeli ships would be guaranteed free passage.

The Map of 1967. Whether either side was yet ready for that sort of agreement was doubtful indeed. Feeling the economic squeeze of his losses of \$750,000 in tolls each day that the Suez Canal remains closed, Nasser has, to be sure, been talking more moderately. He has suggested that he might be ready to bring the Yemen war to an end, and he has hinted that he would like to restore diplomatic ties with the U.S. But to accept Israel as Tito proposed still seems to be too bitter a pill for defeated Arabs to swallow. Obviously even Tito had his doubts that Nasser would take the medicine; as an alternative to ending the "state of war" by frank Arab concession, Tito suggested that the U.N., or Russia, the U.S.,



MARKING ARAB SHOPS IN OLD JERUSALEM
Live with defeat, and learn a little.

Britain and France, could guarantee Israel's security in the future.

Whatever Nasser thought of that idea, Israel would surely reject it out of hand. Once more last week, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan scoffed at the notion of withdrawal from the "new territories" Israel now holds. "There is no going back to the 1948 borders," said Dayan. "We must not allow other countries acting in their own interests to force us to return to the old situation. We need to consider the reality of 1967 and the map of 1967."

Measured Toughness. In its victorious position of strength, Israel in fact is increasingly convinced that a quick settlement with the Arabs is not in Israeli interest. The way Israeli leaders see it, if the Arabs live with the fact of defeat for a while, in the process they may be forced to learn the arts of coexistence whether they like it or not. There is no question that the waiting game in the Middle East pinches Arab sandals badly—and it bothers the Israelis hardly at all.

As Israel's determination to dig into conquered Arabia and stay becomes clearer each week, the first tentative signs of Arab resistance are being brusquely dealt with. Last week, in the Old City of Jerusalem, a one-day protest strike by Arabs brought commerce and transportation to a complete halt. Israel responded with a little psychological warfare, as policemen painted warning symbols on the shutters of shops belonging to striking Arabs, arrested two prominent Jordanians as the ringleaders and summarily sentenced them to three months in prison. Elsewhere too, the Israelis are responding with measured toughness to any hint of trouble. In Bethlehem, 40 suspected members of El Fatah, the Syrian-trained terrorist organization, were arrested as they met in a café. And throughout the new terri-

ories, Israeli soldiers continued their house-to-house search for arms. If so much as a pistol is found under a mattress, the soldiers clear out the inhabitants and coolly dynamite the offending house to smithereens.

FRANCE

No Doubts

As a student of French history, Charles de Gaulle knows well Talleyrand's admonition on the art of government: "Above all, no zeal." But last week, when he appeared on television to defend himself against mounting criticism, the old man seemed to be telling the French nation that he had changed the motto to "Above all, no doubts." To get his message across, though, he ignored French history and resorted to a metaphorical invocation of *Faust*.

"In the celebrated drama of Goethe," said *le vieux Charles*, "Mephistopheles described himself thus: 'I am the spirit which denies all.' Then, in listening to the advice of Mephistopheles, the unfortunate Dr. Faust went from misfortune to misfortune until final damnation. Frenchwomen, Frenchmen, we will not do that. Pushing aside doubt, the demon of all decadence, we will follow our way. It is that of a France which believes in herself and which, because of that, is open to the future."

Frenchwomen and Frenchmen had rarely seen their President so agitated. His hands darted and swept to punctuate his thoughts; his shoulders pumped with energy as he dismissed his critics by calling them "apostles of decline," men who belong to "what one must call the school of national renunciation." Once more he repeated his oft-heard theme that only Charles de Gaulle can lead France to "independence, progress and peace." His opposition to the U.S., to the war in Viet Nam and to British entry into the Common Market, he explained, is all "appropriately French." He applied the same phrase to the curiously irresponsible call for a "Free Quebec" that he issued during last month's state visit to Canada.

De Gaulle was obviously bothered by his falling popularity. The latest public-opinion poll shows that only 55% of the French electorate approves of his policies—a sharp drop from 65% in June. It was understandable that his speech touched only lightly on two of his more recent decrees, which hold no promise of improving his standing. To bail out the nation's cumbersome social security system, which is \$600 million in the red, French workers, he said, will now pay more taxes and receive fewer benefits. In addition, he announced, he has imposed compulsory profit sharing on all French companies, a measure rejected by labor as meaningless, opposed by big business as ruinous, and considered by most of his Cabinet members to be frivolous and unworkable. Both decrees may well lead to a general strike when French workers return from the beaches in the fall.

BRITAIN

Color-Blind Justice

Britain's Race Relations Act forbids anyone from making public statements likely to incite racial hatred. It was passed in 1965, largely as a weapon against extremist white agitators and segregationists, and provided for maximum penalties of \$2,800 fine and two years in jail. So far, the only convictions have been Colin Jordan, leader of Britain's neo-Nazi National Socialists, currently serving an 18-month sentence, and Jordan's assistant who was put on probation for three years.

But whites are not the only people who occasionally stir up racial tension, and British police are quick to crack down on troublemakers of any tint. Last week police arrested Trinidad-born Negro Michael Abdul Malik, 34, the bearded leader of Britain's tiny Black Muslim movement. His alleged crime: making a speech in which he described whites as "vicious and nasty people."

POLAND

The Jewish Question

Though anti-Semitism has a long and virulent history in Poland, Jews form a vital and powerful segment of the present Polish government. As in other countries in Eastern Europe, the roots of the Polish Communist Party go back to 19th century Jewish-led organizations. And as Europe's Communist parties grew after World War I, so did the influence of the Jews within them. During World War II and Nazi occupation, many Polish Communist Jews fled to Russia for sanctuary—and many returned with the Red Army to hold high military, secret-police and administrative posts. Thus, though there are only 30,000 Jews in Poland today, they



GOMULKA & FAMILY
Poison from the old wellspring.

are seeded influentially from the Polithuro down through the intellectual community and the Polish press.

After Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomułka's decision to break off diplomatic ties with Israel last June at Moscow's behest, there was a modicum of wry truth in a gibe that quickly made the rounds in Warsaw: Tel Aviv was going to retaliate by withdrawing the Polish government. Gomułka, whose wife is Jewish, was not amused. In a scarcely veiled effort to draw on the old wellspring of Polish anti-Semitism, he charged: "The Israeli aggression on Arab countries has met with applause from Zionist circles of Jews who are Polish citizens and who even gave drinking parties on the occasion. We do not wish a fifth column to be created in our country."

The Generals Say No. In a country where 2,800,000 Jews were killed little more than two decades ago, it was a blatant invitation to prejudice. Gomułka followed the invitation with action. Anti-Israeli propaganda with a distinctly anti-Semitic slant was printed for circulation among the armed forces. The pamphlets were so distasteful that the air-defense chief, his deputy for political affairs and the air-defense chief of staff—none of them Jewish—flatly refused to allow distribution of the tainted propaganda. The generals were not likely to have risked their careers without the knowledge that their attitude had widespread support, but three weeks ago, Gomułka angrily fired all three.

Next Gomułka organized a celebration in Warsaw's National Theater on the 23rd anniversary of Warsaw's uprising against the Nazis during the occupation. On hand to preside was Police Chief General Tadeusz Pietrzak, who rammed through a resolution that said, "the rulers of Israel have now allied themselves to the most reactionary neo-fascist circles in the German Federal Republic"—a bit of the absurd more likely to confuse than rouse any anti-Semite left in Poland. Undaunted, the opposition to Gomułka continued to stand firm. Last week a top Polish army general, Ignacy Blum, was fired for refusing to pass anti-Semitic literature along to his troops. Another measure of the opposition was offered by former Israeli Ambassador to Warsaw, Dov Sathath, who reported receiving 3,200 letters of support from Polish gentiles during the Middle East crisis. Most were signed and bore the sender's address—an act of considerable courage in a country where the censor is as ubiquitous as the corner mailbox.

RUSSIA

A Spit in Time

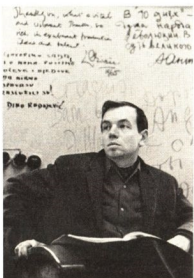
*The times spat at me,
I spit back at the times.*

—Andrei Voznesensky

The outspoken Russian poet is as good as his word. He spits when the mood strikes him, and he seems careless of the consequences. When Nikita Khrushchev personally upbraided him

for his unconventional poetry, Voznesensky stubbornly refused to recant. When critics attacked him for formalism, which in Soviet jargon means experimenting with the language, Voznesensky replied in verse: "They nag me about formalism./Formaldehyde: you stink of it and incense." He helped to stir up the Soviet Writers Congress last May by signing a letter boldly calling for an end to Soviet censorship. Last week copies of a Voznesensky letter to Pravda and one of his latest poems reached the West. They made it plain that their author is still spitting.

Ridiculous Ruse. This time, Voznesensky is sore at the Union of Writers, the party's all-powerful cultural arm that oversees literary activities in the Soviet Union. It was bad enough that the union turned thumbs down on the



POET VOZNESENSKY
Better formalism than formaldehyde.

invitation he had received to give a poetry reading at the Lincoln Center Summer Festival in Manhattan last June, but the style of the denial, he said, was insufferable. It was not until four days before his departure that the union told him the trip was "inadvisable"—presumably because someone had belatedly remembered the rhapsodic verse he wrote about the U.S. after his visit last spring. To make matters worse, the union concocted a series of phony excuses for his absence.

The ridiculous ruse moved the poet to write to Pravda on the day after he had been scheduled to appear in New York: "Why do they pull the wool over everyone's eyes by saying variously that I am ill, that I waited until it was too late before I asked for a ticket, or (now that everyone knows that it's too late to get to the poetry reading) that I'm just about to leave? Of course, the leaders of the Union of Writers must know what they are doing, but why haven't they informed me that I am sick? I am a Soviet writer, a

human made of flesh and blood, not a puppet to be pulled on a string. This lying, prevarication and knocking people's heads together is standard practice. I am ashamed to be a member of the same union as these people."

Dangerous Defiance. Pravda did not print the letter, and Voznesensky did not cool off. A few days later, at a poetry reading in a Moscow theater, he expanded his indictment to take in all the boorishness in Soviet culture that was epitomized by Khrushchev's shoe banging at the U.N.:

*Lies are written on fat faces
that should be hidden in trousers.
But one is even more ashamed,
perhaps,
when the King of the country
pauses before taking off a shoe
at a public session,
and wonders anxiously:
"Hell, I remember
washing one of my feet yesterday,
but which one: the right or the
left?"*

So far, there have been no reports of reprisals against Voznesensky. Nonetheless, his defiance could cost him dearly. Expulsion from the Union of Writers would mean that his books, which now sell as many as 500,000 copies, could no longer be legally distributed in Russia, nor could he give public readings of his works. At worst, Voznesensky could be sent to prison for slandering an organ of the Communist Party.

NIGERIA

Anybody's War

"If Northern soldiers set one foot inside Biafran soil, not a single inch of Nigerian territory will be safe from our attack." That was the vow of Biafra Secessionist Leader Odumegwu Ojukwu just before Nigeria's federal troops, led by Major General Yakubu Gowon, invaded Ojukwu's Eastern Region six weeks ago. Ojukwu was slow to make good his threat. But last week, having fought his attackers to a standstill, he was ready to take the offensive. In a swift twelve-hour drive, he captured the federal government's oil-rich Midwestern State (pop: 2,500,000) with impressive ease.

The operation began in the predawn hours when more than 100 trucks carrying hundreds of Biafran troops rolled across the Niger River Bridge that connects the Biafran town of Onitsha with the Midwestern town of Asaba. There, the troops split into two columns—one heading south toward the seacoast, the other sweeping west to the state capital of Benin. With nice timing, Biafra sympathizers in Benin were already staging a military coup against the Midwestern governor, and the city fell with hardly a shot. Other towns soon followed, including the bustling southern port of Warri. That night, a Biafran B-26 bombed three heavily populated suburbs in the federal capital of Lagos; next morning, the plane hit the Nigerian air force base at the Northern



MERCENARIES IN BUKAVU

Who knows, they might even decide to launch a real offensive.



"BLACK JACK" SCHRAMME

administrative capital of Kaduna. In between times, it dropped thousands of leaflets on federal territory, warning of "the terrible consequences of continued collaboration" with Gowon. "Now that we are on the offensive," Ojukwu announced over Radio Biafra, "we shall not relent until every single enemy soldier on Biafran soil is destroyed, more territories of Nigeria liberated, and the enemy vanquished."

In Lagos, Gowon promised to escalate his response. "From now on," he said, "the forces of the federal military government will reply with heavier blows to every act committed by the rebels and will pursue them in an all-out drive until the rebellion is completely stamped out." So far, Gowon's 15,000 troops—double those of Ojukwu—have barely won a foothold in Biafra. But Ojukwu's forces are spread thin, and the more territory they invade the more vulnerable their lives will become. It is still anybody's war.

THE CONGO

Ultimatum from Bukavu

When the Congo's white mercenaries revolted last month, it seemed hardly possible that their rebellion could end in anything but defeat. The "mercs," after all, number only 160 men, backed up by 1,500 or so dissident Katangese troops, while President Joseph Mobutu's Congolese National Army is 30,000 strong. Moreover, the rebel commander, Major Jean Schramme, is not a soldier; he is a Belgian plantation owner who has lived in the Congo for 23 of his 36 years. But last week it was "Black Jack" Schramme and his mercenaries who held the upper hand.

Emerging from their stronghold in the plantation country near Punia, Schramme and his men began a march on the border city of Bukavu, once a resort for rich Belgian colonials. They met little resistance. Warned by jungle telegraph that the mercenaries were approaching, the defenders of Bukavu

threw away their arms, commandeered civilian clothes, and fled across the Ruzizi River into Rwanda.

Schramme quickly cashed in on his conquest. After establishing his headquarters in Bukavu's Royal Residence Hotel, he set up a "government of public safety" headed by a Katangese captain, and made sure that 300 white civilian refugees from the fighting were escorted safely across the border into Rwanda. Then he issued an ultimatum giving Mobutu ten days in which to negotiate for peace. Among Schramme's terms: that Mobutu return democratic government to the Congo, annul the treason conviction of ex-President Tshombe (who is now in an Algerian jail awaiting extradition) and make Tshombe a member of the Cabinet.

In Kinshasa, Mobutu immediately rejected the ultimatum and said that he would "never stoop to negotiate with assassins." If he does not change his mind, warned Schramme, "I'll take measures of a greater scope. We are in a position of strength. We have shown that the Congolese National Army is incapable of defeating us. Who knows, I could even go so far as launching an offensive against Kinshasa."

Such a step seems unlikely, if for no other reason than that the Congolese capital is 1,000 miles from Bukavu. But unless Schramme gets his way, he may be tempted to march southward into Katanga, where the great copper mines supply most of the Congo's wealth and the tribesmen still revere the man who led the Congo's first armed revolt, Moïse Tshombe of Katanga.

MAURITIUS

The Prospect of Independence

Citizens of the tiny British crown colony of Mauritius, 1,400 miles off the African coast, take their politics seriously. The island's 32 newspapers and one radio station covered the latest parliamentary election campaign in twelve languages from English to Urdu. In-

terest ran so high that nearly 90% of the eligible voters cast ballots, and Premier Sir Seewoosagur Ramgoolam's Independence Party, which campaigned on a platform calling for complete freedom from Britain, won 43 of 70 seats in the legislative assembly.

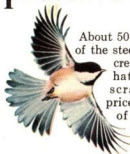
The prospect of losing the 720-sq.-mi. island with its depressed sugar industry, chronic unemployment and dangerous racial tensions does not disturb Britain. But just when it will actually be rid of Mauritius' problems is uncertain. The main opposition to independence comes from a flamboyant mulatto attorney, Gaetan ("King Creole") Duval, 35, whose *Parti Mauricien Social Démocratique* won the other 27 seats. Duval speaks for the 213,000 half-caste descendants of former African slaves and a dwindling minority of 10,000 whites, many of them heirs of the old French sugar barons, who lingered on after Britain conquered the island during the Napoleonic wars.

Using *Spear Gun*, Duval's supporters are prone to back up their arguments with such local weapons as underwater spear guns, and they are not about to give up the fight just because they took a beating at the polls. Duval argues that when Britain gets into the Common Market, Mauritius will have an outlet for its sugar (which accounts for 97% of its exports), and that as a fellow member of the European Economic Community, France will throw open its doors to French-speaking Mauritian immigrants.

Sir Seewoosagur, 66, a suave physician of Indian descent, retorts that there is no guarantee Britain will ever get into the Common Market, or that, if it does, France will accept an influx of dark-skinned Mauritians. With the island's 394,000 Hindus behind him, Sir Seewoosagur seems to have made his point. But the polyglot population also includes 126,000 Indian Moslems and 25,000 Chinese who do not seem overly eager for Hindu rule; there may be more than vocal dissent if Sir See-



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woosagur's majority tries to carry out the party plank of independence.

Apparently unconvinced that the rioting that marked the campaign was really over, shopkeepers cautiously kept their stores barricaded last week, days after the election. Despite the assurances of Governor Sir John Shaw Rennie that his police can keep order, everyone knows that the nearest British armed forces are at least seven hours away by plane—in Aden, where they already have their hands full.

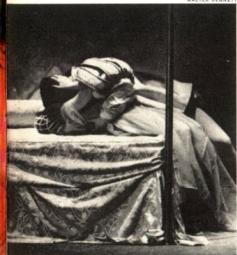
ARGENTINA

Sex & the Strait-Laced Strongman

It was a state occasion in Buenos Aires' majestic Colón Theater. In honor of visiting Japanese Crown Prince Akihito, the city had scheduled a gala performance of Stravinsky's ballet *Rite of Spring*, and Juan Carlos Onganía, the retired general who seized power last year, had agreed to attend. Onganía was not enjoying himself. In the middle of the performance, he rose from the presidential box and ushered his wife and 28-year-old daughter Sara to the rear. *Rite of Spring*, he informed Mayor Eugenio Schettini the next day, was a dirty ballet and should not be permitted in Buenos Aires. "My wife and daughter had to look at indecencies performed by seminuude dancers," the President complained. "Today, we had to go to confession."

Onganía's outrage was no surprise. During his 14 months in the Casa Rosada, the mustachioed strongman has also but declared sex illegal in his already strait-laced country. His regime has put Argentina's few tame girly magazines out of business, ordered nightclubs to keep their lights bright at all times and outlawed kissing in public parks. It has banned such widely acclaimed films as the Czech-made *Loves of a Blonde* and Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blow-Up*.

WALTER DENNETT



SCENE FROM "BOMMARZO" IN BUENOS AIRES
Somebody was obsessed, all right.



ANGUILLANS WATCHING FOR INVADERS
Preposterous comedy without jokes.

based on a short story by Argentina's Julio Cortázar; it recently ordered a popular local television show discontinued because it showed too much of a bosomy blonde film star named Libertad Leblanc. One evening this month police stormed into the Buenos Aires Institute of Modern Art Theater just before curtain time, canceled a production of British Playwright Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming*, gave the actors 20 minutes to take off their make-up and get out, then closed the theater for 15 days as a warning to the institute never to try to corrupt public morals again.

Incitement to Matricide. By far the most significant casualty of Onganía's morality crusade, however, has been Alberto Ginastera's *Bommarzo*, the first important opera ever composed by an Argentine. For a while, *Bommarzo* was the pride of the government. For its world premiere three months ago, it was exported to Washington, where First-Nighter Hubert H. Humphrey found it "difficult, discordant and different"—although in good-neighborly fashion, he added, "It has distinction." Then, just before the opera's scheduled opening in Buenos Aires this month, Onganía changed his mind and decided that it was "too obsessed with sex." He banned it forthwith.

It was not a popular decision. Music Critic Jorge d'Urbano, who had panned *Bommarzo* at its premiere, wrote that by the government's standards, "Dante's *Divine Comedy* would have to be considered a political libel and *Hamlet* an incitement to matricide." Composer Ginastera, pointing to the libertine antics of such operatic heroes as Don Juan, the unmarried exploits of Tristan and Isolde, and the sadism of Salome, suggested tartly that the government should have done with it and suppress all operas. Which it might well do if Onganía ever got hold of the librettos.

THE CARIBBEAN

Calypso Challenge

The very idea that a British frigate might be bringing a landing force to storm the tiny Caribbean island of Anguilla sounded like the plot of a preposterous comic opera set to a calypso beat. But to Anguillians, the three-month-old revolt that took them out of the British-sponsored federation of St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla is no joke. All week armed guards patrolled the white beaches, awaiting attack.

At week's end, the invaders were not even under way. Members of the "peace-keeping force" were still squabbling among themselves; the British frigate they were supposed to board swung at anchor off Antigua. But sooner or later the combined expedition from Jamaica, Guyana, Trinidad-Tobago and Barbados expects to sail to Anguilla and restore the authority of St. Kitts' Premier, Robert Bradshaw, whose high-handed rule helped trigger the revolt. If it does, warned Anguilla's new President, Ronald Webster, it will be a "direct challenge to war."

Only three weeks ago, Webster's predecessor, Peter Adams, agreed to take the island back into the federation, but his constituents balked and deposed him. Webster insists that he has the guns and money to go it alone. And the West Indies are alive with rumors that he is being besieged with offers of help from underworld types anxious to establish a gambling haven, land developers, and a Greek shipping magnate eager to fly the Anguillian flag (two mermaids holding a seashell, a spear and an olive leaf) as a cost-cutting flag of convenience. Evidence to back up the rumors is as elusive as the eel for which French explorers named Anguilla 400 years ago. The only hard fact is that the Anguillians seem determined to make their revolt stick.

PEOPLE

571

It must be the only coal wharf in the world with a Grace Hartigan painting hanging inside the bunker house—along with canvases by Mark Rothko and Jack Youngerman and a Calder mobile. Used by its owner, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, 59, as a private gallery during his vacations in Seal Harbor, Me., the old wharf has been thrown open to the public at \$5 a head, proceeds to go to Maine's Republican Party. The tiny museum drew 900 visitors the first two days, including some indulgent socialites and many adamant Yankees who were pleased neither by the abstractionist paintings nor by the price of admission. Said one baffled down-Easter: "It's 100% rubbish, but I still like the Governor."

Indonesia's Independence Day was fast approaching, but where was The Flag—that noble, faded, tattered remnant of red and white cloth that had been run up the flagpole once a year since Indonesia gained its freedom in 1945? It was in a locked cabinet, and the keeper of the key was old Father Sukarno, 66, who was still mad enough about being deposed that he refused to hand it over. President Suharto even sent a delegation out to the Bung's "retirement" villa at Bogor to appeal to his patriotic sentiments. Nothing doing, said Sukarno: "This is my flag. My wife made it"—as indeed his first wife had. Nothing daunted, Suharto sent soldiers to break open the cabinet and bring him the flag.

The way Director Roger Vadim, 39, planned it for his movie *Barbarella*, giant fans would blow 2,000 wrens into a cage occupied by Wife Jane Fonda,

A.S.A. PHOTOGRAPHY S.P.A.



FONDA & WRENS
Marital blow-up.

29, exciting them so much that they would peck off her clothes. For four days the fans whirled, birds swooped, Jane emoted—but nothing happened. In desperation, Vadim jammed birdseed inside her costume and fired guns in the air, which bothered the birds not at all but drove Jane off to a hospital with a fever and acute nausea. After three days of rest Jane returned to work, finally finished the scene with the aid of even larger fans and a flock of peckish lovebirds. It would all come out onscreen, said Roger, as a "whimsical, lyrical outlook toward sex in the year 4000."

As a jumper, the big bay gelding still needed some practice. He knocked a bar off one hurdle first time around the exhibition course, then knocked it off again on the repeat run. Even so, the crowd of 16,000 at Saratoga race track gave him a standing ovation, and that was only fitting because the horse was *Kelso*, who retired last year with a record \$1,977,896 in winnings. Since then, the 10-year-old thoroughbred has been training for a new career as a show horse and jumper at the Maryland estate of his owner, Mrs. Richard C. du Pont, 53. "I'm just as nervous as if he were in a race," she said. "As a matter of fact, he appears to me as if he wants to run."

"I'm still involved in public affairs," he said, "but I have no official Government connection." Public or private, former Presidential Aide Theodore Sorensen, 39, continues to peek out from behind the world's thrones. Turning up in Moscow on behalf of unnamed "clients," the New York lawyer admitted that he was angling for a "major" increase in U.S.-Russian trade. The Russians seemed even more interested in quizzing him about Dr. Martin Luther King and other antiwar leaders of the American "New Left." Said Sorensen: "I told them not to delude themselves into thinking American policy will be changed through such far-out movements." The Soviets are also keeping a hopeful eye on the "magic" name of Kennedy, he added, and Bobby's career is "regarded here with the most intense curiosity."

'Twas a fair summer's eve and eyelids hung low over San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district as the pilgrim wandered unnoticed through Golden Gate Park. Dressed inconspicuously in denim jacket, flowered trousers and heart-shaped shades, and wearing buttons bearing a likeness of Bob Dylan and the message, "I'm the HEAD of my household," the walrus-whiskered visitor finally called for a guitar and began to play and sing *Baby, You're a Rich Man*. That tipped it, of course, and instant the troubadour was all but drowned out by a swarm of laughing,



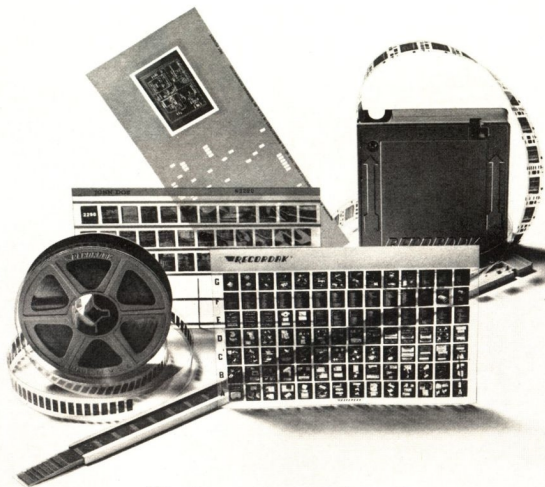
HARRISON & WIFE
HEAD of the household.

giggling flower children. "If it's all like this, it's just too much," said visiting Beatle George Harrison, 24, and as the children trailed, he strummed and strolled to the edge of the park, and disappeared into the night.

As befits a great artist commemorating his 80th birthday, Marc Chagall surrounded himself with "my most beautiful works"—and with 150 of his paintings as well. The "most beautiful works" were his three grandchildren, aged nine to 14, leaders of a gay pack of 200 relatives and friends who arrived at the Riviera village of Vence, Chagall's home for the past 17 years. The exuberant Russian-born painter read aloud a clutch of congratulatory telegrams, including one from Novelist André Malraux, De Gaulle's Minister of Culture, signed "your enslaved Minister." "Do you understand Chagall?" the master twitted as he surveyed his paintings. "I don't. After all, when you sit down to a huge steak, do you understand it?"

A right nasty range war has been aragin' in the badlands of central New Jersey between the pore homesteaders and a uppity cattle baron from the big city, Chester Huntley, 55. Chester, one of them yakyet-yak fellers on the TV, bought himself 303 acres of prime bottom in 1961 and put in nearly 5500,000 tryin' to fatten up a herd of 900 Aberdeen Angus for market. Right away, he says, the homesteaders began afightin' him. They rustled his cows and fired rifle bullets through his winders and poured sand in the crankcase of his tractor until he finally sold out at a loss of \$100,000. "It's only natural," Chester said, "when somebody comes in and has money and these people don't." "That's preposterous," said a homesteader. "His downfall came because there's no way on God's earth to make money on beef here."

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GEOLOGY

Piecing Continents Together

Were all continents once snuggled together in a mammoth land mass surrounded by a single shimmering sea? Did the continents begin to drift apart some 200 million years ago? Some scientists believe so, and many recent findings support them. This month still more compelling evidence of continental drift was reported by U.S. and Brazilian geologists. Their principal finding was that two highly distinctive adjacent geological areas on the Atlantic coast of Africa match perfectly with a pair of rock regions located along Brazil's northeast coast.

Doubting & Digging. "Actually, we set out to disprove the theory when we started," said M.I.T. Geology Professor Patrick M. Hurley, 55, adding that "Harvard and M.I.T. have been hotheds of geological conservatism for years." Hurley and his colleagues became interested in the theory at a 1964 scientific meeting in London. There, Cambridge Geophysicist Sir Edward Bullard disclosed that a computer study of shorelines on both sides of the Atlantic—at a depth of 500 fathoms, to allow for coastal idiosyncrasies—showed that they would still match if they were set side by side. "The results were rather amazing," said Hurley. "The study went right down the whole Atlantic and fitted together everything, including Greenland and all the other islands with less than one degree error in the fit."

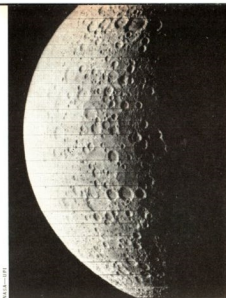
Still leary of the theory, Hurley returned to the U.S. and organized a joint group of U.S. and Brazilian scientists to compare radioactively dated rock samples from two African regions with others from South American areas. The African regions are divided neatly by a boundary running northeast

through Ghana, Togo, Dahomey, Upper Volta, Niger, Mali, and into Algeria (see map). To the east of the boundary lies the Pan-African region, dated as 550 million years old. West of it is the 2-billion-year-old Eburnean area. According to Bullard, if the South American bulge had once fitted under the bulge of Africa, the continuance of the delineation between the two rock regions would be found running southwest through Brazil from a point near the city of São Luís 2,070 miles north of Rio.

"There's never really a eureka moment on any of these projects," said Hurley, "but when I began to plot these samples, the correlation was astounding. They all fitted exactly." In addition to the identical ages of the regions, Hurley, his M.I.T. associates and their collaborators at the University of São Paulo found the boundary line between the 550-million- and 2-billion-year-old areas in northeast Brazil exactly where they had predicted it would be.

The discovery provides important support for the continental-drift theory. Among other recent evidence is the finding that the ocean floor is patterned with belts of rock magnetized in opposite directions. Recent studies indicate that the earth's magnetic field has reversed at least nine times in the past 3,600,000 years. Thus the belts provide a dependable time map that shows the effects of the reversing magnetic fields of the earth as the ocean floor expanded. This study also shows that the ocean floor is spreading at about the rate of two centimeters a year—which would just about account for the present distance between the continents if they began drifting apart, as estimated, 200 million years ago.

"To us, this evidence is quite conclusive," says Hurley. "It's very difficult to argue against it. It looks as though opposition to the continental-drift theory is dying."



BACK SIDE OF THE MOON
Boon in the disparity.

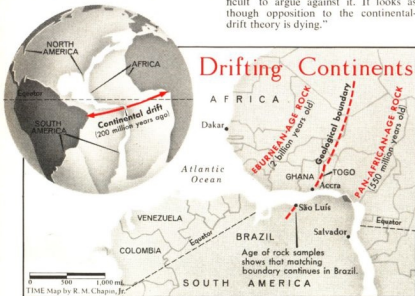
SELENOLOGY

Snapping the Hidden Face

As every sky-gazer knows, only one face of the moon is visible. Terrestrial gravity has locked onto the moon's near side, which always faces the earth. Some scientists have theorized that the hidden side bore many more craters and pockmarks than the visible face. That concept was first shaken by Lunar Orbiter 4, which mapped some 60% of the far side. Last week, Lunar Orbiter 5 knocked the notion completely into a cocked hat while completing the map.

What Lunar Orbiter 5's strikingly clear wide-angle and telephoto pictures show, according to NASA scientists, is that the hidden-side scars do not differ markedly in number from those on the earth-oriented face. They only seem fresher and more numerous because the far side has not undergone the vast, more recent flooding of dark, possibly volcanic, material so evident on the near side. The disparity should prove a boon to scientists, since the result is that the moon's early history is that much more legible on the hidden side.

By the time Lunar Orbiter 5 finishes snapping its 426 pictures this week, space experts should have even more to crow about. The last of the Orbiters is taking detailed pictures of lunar features such as the Aristarchus crater, a thermally anomalous "hot spot" that has long provoked scientific interest and speculation. Lunar Orbiter 5 has also sent back photographs indicating a likely future landing site near a permanently shaded area in a region adjacent to the Lunar North Pole. "In such shaded areas," says Harold Masursky, of the U.S. Geological Survey at Menlo Park, Calif., "we can find out what the present escape heat is from the center of the moon, whether there is radioactive material, and whether it was hot in the past and is still cooling off."



METALLURGY

Self-Healing Steel

So strong are some of today's steel alloys that four one-inch-square bars will easily support the weight of a 125-ton jet airliner. Yet even the best of these metals will crack and shatter if they are subjected to much greater stress. Earlier this month, a research team at the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory announced development of a super steel alloy that will bear as much as 4 times more pressure than common structural steels without breaking.

The brainchild of Engineers Victor F. Zackay and Earl R. Parker, the new alloy is called TRIP (for transformation-induced plasticity) steel. In effect, it can be stretched like Silly Putty or molten glass 2½ to 4½ times as far as present-day high-strength steel without fracturing its molecular structure. More important, when TRIP steel eventually reaches the point of crack-inducing stress, a solid-state chemical reaction is triggered that blunts small cracks just as they begin, then fills them in to prevent major wounds. The chemical change precipitating this "self-healing" process takes place on a near-atomic scale, and can be observed only with the aid of an electron microscope. The actual halting and filling in of a crack, however, can sometimes be seen with the naked eye.

Indefatigable? Oddly enough, producing Zackay and Parker's super steel involves no other ingredients than those already used in steel alloys. "It is a new combination of alloys normally used in various kinds of stainless steel," says Zackay. Once the two professors hit upon the basic composition, "the only variation from the production of ordinary stainless was a deformation of the steel at temperatures from 500° to 1,100° Fahrenheit," said Parker.

The TRIP process may well have wide applications in other areas of metallurgy. "We expect there will be an analogous series of alloys for titanium," says Zackay. "We just haven't had time to look for them." Titanium is used in jet aircraft, and although both engineers termed the idea of using TRIP-processed materials to prevent metal fatigue "pure speculation" at this point, it is not beyond the realm of possibility. Other conceivable uses of TRIP steel: storage tanks to withstand the supercoolness (as much as -450° F.) of liquid helium, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; chemical-processing equipment; roller and ball bearings. TRIP, in the estimate of its discoverers, is capable of being produced commercially at prices competitive with other high-strength steels. It may some day be used in the manufacture of deep-diving descendants of such undersea vessels as the bathyscaphe and the three-man submarine *Alvin*, which is now exploring a canyon at the foot of the Atlantic shelf at depths of 1,000 fathoms.

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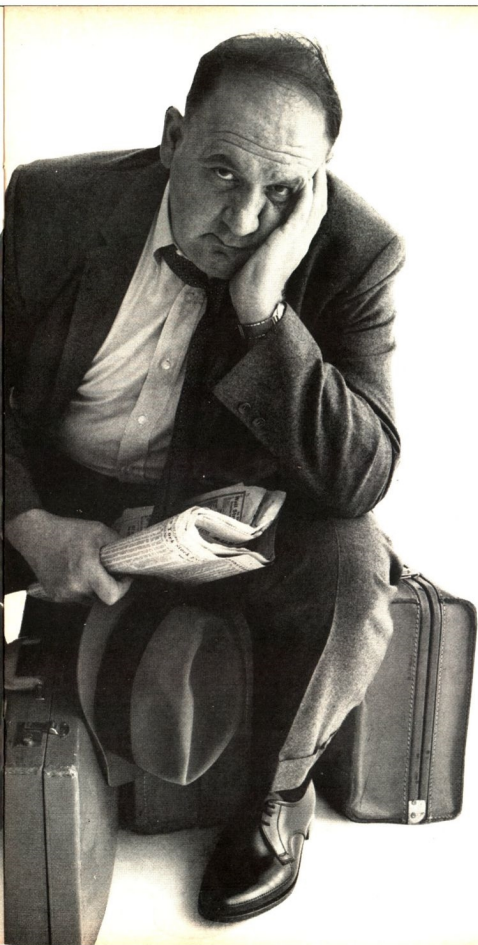
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SHOW BUSINESS

SINGERS

Séance at the Palace

Curtain time. The crowd presses expectantly into Manhattan's hallowed house of vaudeville, the Palace. One fan has come from as far away as Brazil. A woman from Long Island, in a \$9.90 seat, has already followed the night's star through four cities and at least 20 performances. As the pit band strikes up the overture, the now capacity crowd begins to peer anxiously toward the orchestra-section entrance. Will the star make it? Many rise in anticipation. Then, dramatically, the spotlight splashes against the lobby door,

crack-ups and innumerable busted contracts, her four broken marriages to increasingly younger men (she just broke off an engagement to a public relations man 16 years her junior), and her ailments and suicide attempts. As a result, she evokes a purgative pity and terror. Her concerts have the will-she-finish suspense of a marathon run, the will-she-crack-up tension of a road race. "Oh," said a woman from Ohio after one performance, "I'm just relieved she made it through the evening."

Moving lithely (her weight down to 96 lbs.) to stage center, Judy opens with *I Feel a Song Coming On*. In the lower registers, at least, she still has the

onto the stage. Finally, and inevitably, comes *Over the Rainbow*. Some nights when she is too drained, it is more croaked than crooned. "Stay here and sing" someone cries amid the shrieks and bravos. "Don't ever go away!" Later, when she emerges from the stage door, some 200 worshippers are waiting—even if it is 2 a.m. They don't tear at her, though, as they might some other superstar. They reach out for Judy tenderly, as if she were the last frail leaf of November.

Happy Bluebirds. Such adulation, says her third husband Sid Luft, father of Lorna and Joey and producer of her current tour, "is greater than she ever had before." Judging from the full houses at the Palace, he must be right. Curiously, a disproportionate part of her nightly claque seems to be homosexual. The boys in the tight trousers roll their eyes, tear at their hair and practically levitate from their seats, particularly when Judy sings:

*If happy little bluebirds fly
Beyond the rainbow,
Why, oh why can't I?*

Psychiatrists offer multiple explanations for the phenomenon. Manhattan's Dr. Leah Schaefer claims that homosexuals gravitate toward superstars because "these are people they can idolize and idealize without getting too close to. In Judy's case," she adds, "the attraction might be made considerably stronger by the fact that she has survived so many problems; homosexuals identify with that kind of hysteria." Agrees another Manhattan psychiatrist, Dr. Lawrence Hatterer: "Judy was beaten up by life, embattled, and ultimately had to become more masculine. She has the power that homosexuals would like to have, and they attempt to attain it by idolizing her."

But Garland affects a far broader audience than her ever-present little bluebirds. She has the true entertainer's capacity for transmitting her feelings across the footlights. Nor is it a one-way message. "Audiences," she says, "have kept me alive." As she told her exuberant cult at the Palace last week: "Everything I want is right here."

SPECTACLES

Tops & Bottoms

In olden days, as Cole Porter put it, a glimpse of a stocking was something quite shocking. Nowadays the exposed human form has become such a big part of show business that hardly anything is startling. Just boring—as two show-biz flops amply illustrate.

► In London last week, a widely heralded underground film called *No. 4* had its world premiere, showing nothing but some 300 nude British buttocks, a fresh one every 15 seconds or so for 76 minutes. For sound track, there were the

* A female impersonator at Manhattan's East Village, who specializes in imitating Judy's style and bills himself as Bonnie Garland, showed up at the Palace premiere in the same costume Judy wore.



JUDY & CULTISTS IN MANHATTAN
Less a performance than a love-in.

She has made it. In a sequined paisley pants suit, a fragile and unforgettable figure jogs down the aisle, hugging admirers, shaking hands and just plain shaking. She is—who else?—Judy Garland, now 45, and making her third Palace "comeback" in 15 years.

"This is going to be an interesting performance," she begins hoarsely, "because I have absolutely no voice. But I'll fake it. Oh, well, maybe I'll hit the notes because you're so nice and because it's so good to be home." From the balcony a male voice calls: "I love you, Judy." "I love you too," she replies. And so opens an evening that is less a performance than a love-in. Fred Finklehoffe, who worked with her in Hollywood, says: "Judy doesn't give a concert—she conducts a séance."

Pity & Terror. Another Hollywood character, the late Spencer Tracy, once said that "Garland audiences don't just listen—they feel." They also fear—and in some cases hope—that they may be witnesses to a breakdown, which is one of the compelling attractions exerted by this durable but disaster-prone star. Her audiences arrive, it seems, achingly aware of Judy's tortured past: her teenage stardom and traumas, her voice

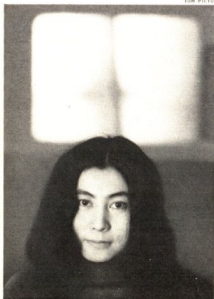
old belting power. "My, I'm a loud lady," she says, striking the well-known hands-on-hips pose. "No crooner, I." Next is *Almost Like Being in Love*. Then *The Trolley Song*, and by now the fans are clanging time with their feet. For *Me and My Gal* turns into a community sing. She wonders: "What should I do now?" Man in the mezzanine: "Just stand there." Judy: "I get too scared to just stand there—guess I'd better sing." On to more oldies like *Swanee*. A standing ovation for *Old Man River*. She sits down, her legs dangling over the edge of the stage for *The Man That Got Away*. "No more that oldtime thrill," she trills with her terrible intensity, "for I've been through the mill..." Many in the audience weep. Some grope down the center aisle to the stage. She leans over and kisses a proffered hand.

Next, more sentimentality. To spell Judy in her nightly 90-minute appearances, there are song-and-dance interludes by her daughter Lorna, 14, and son Joey, 12. Neither has overpowering show-business potential, but the fans love them. Judy also gets a breather by coaxing such professionals in the audience as Duke Ellington or Bea Lillie

taped comments of the volunteers. "I'm a bit cynical about mine," said a girl who described herself as a model, "because it's worth money." The director was Miss Yoko Ono, 34, a Tokyo-born artist-composer and currently an entrepreneur of happenings in London. The premiere was a benefit for Britain's Institute of Contemporary Arts, a prestigious public patron headed by eminent Art Philosopher Sir Herbert Read. But the point of it all was lost on most Londoners. Sales of the opening-night tickets (\$4.20 top) were so slow that many had to be given away. The most appreciative audience response came ten minutes (and 40 rumps) along, when a spectator leaped onstage and stroked the screen image. By the halfway point, fully two-thirds of the first-nighters had departed.

► On the U.S. West Coast, the clubs and restaurants that feature topless female entertainers and waitresses also seemed to be going the way of all flesh. In Los Angeles, 20% of the joints have closed. In San Francisco, where crowds used to queue on the sidewalks waiting even for bar space, tables are going begging and one spot has switched back to old-fashioned belly-dancing. Reasons range from the competing tourist attraction of the hippie haunts in Haight-Ashbury to the high cost of drinks (usually \$1.50) at the topless bars. But the chief cause may be simple overexposure. "When you've seen two," said a wag, "you've seen them all." Ray Goman of San Francisco's Gay 60's, who expects the fad to fade out by next summer, notes that his male employees trip over topless dancers every night of the week without batting an eye, but still swivel their heads sharply when a pretty girl walks in—fully clothed.

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MUSIC



THE BOLSHOI'S "BORIS GODUNOV" AT MONTREAL'S EXPO 67
Barbaric power as well as subtle psychology.

OPERA

Soulfur Giant

Bolshoi means "big" in Russian, and Moscow's Bolshoi Opera more than lives up to its name. Last week, visiting the Western Hemisphere for the first time in its 191-year history, the Bolshoi rolled into Montreal's Expo 67 with 193 tons of scenery and accessories, five tons of special food, 99 instrumentalists, 95 choristers, 48 soloists, 50 dancers, and 127 staff workers and extras (including six female stagehands). And this was a mere splinter group from the 3,000-member company back home.

Accustomed to performing on a stage of brooding proportions (70 ft. wide by 78 ft. deep), the company practically had to be shoehorned into the Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier at the Place des Arts, whose stage is about one-half as roomy. While seven translators repeated orders in Russian, English and French, workmen scurried about rolling up the backdrops to fit and putting up a tent to hold the overflow of the troupe's 3,000 costumes. Nonetheless, assured Chief Designer Vadim Rindin, "the spectacle that will be seen here will be in no way inferior to that seen in Moscow."

Cracking Rifles. The first two productions bore him out. On opening night, Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* had a cast of 280 bedecked in pounds of furs, brocade, velvet, gems and clattering swords. Czar Boris' throne room in the last act was a breathtaking showcase of Byzantine opulence, with richly colored frescoes on the multidomed ceiling and an elaborately carved gilded throne beneath two 800-lb. chandeliers. In Prokofiev's *War and Peace*, which ran for four hours the following night and called for 40 soloists even in the condensed version, some scenes were framed in 50-ft. Doric columns inflated with compressed air, while others featured cracking rifles, flapping flags and rank upon rank of charging soldiers.

But the Bolshoi is not just visually overpowering; it is a giant with a voice and a soul. What really captivated Montreal's audience and critics was the fact that the Bolshoi's *Boris* captured not only the barbaric power of the

work but also its subtle psychology. At the head of an effective cast, Basso Ivan Petrov projected passion better than pitch, but his booming, dramatically harrowing portrayal of the tormented tyrant was still a triumph.

As the curtain fell, the sellout audience of 3,000 burst into a 15-minute ovation. The company's stand at Expo 67, which continues for the next two weeks with the addition of Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Legend of the City of Kitezh*, Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades* and Borodin's *Prince Igor*, was already a *bolshoi* success.

Faithful to Fidelio

The new opera at Vienna's Theater an der Wien was a flop. The orchestra fumbled, the soprano bumbled, the tenor went flat. Critics dismissed the score as long, repetitive and gnarled with outlandish complexities. The production closed after three nights, reopened the following year, folded again after four more performances. The talented 35-year-old composer set the work aside for eight years. Then he undertook extensive revisions. "Hardly a musical number has been left unchanged," he wrote to a Vienna newspaper, "and more than half the opera was composed anew." Finally, in May 1814, Ludwig van Beethoven's only opera, *Fidelio*, was produced again at a different Vienna theater—and immediately became a hit.

Since then, the discarded original version has been performed rarely—and, as far as is known, never in the Western Hemisphere. But two years ago, Boston Symphony Conductor Erich Leinsdorf found a copy of the 1805 score in a Prague bookshop, was struck by its "awe-inspiring" power, and thought it would make an effective concert presentation at the Boston Symphony's summer home at Tanglewood, near Lenox, Mass. Last week, after Leinsdorf conducted a boldly sculptured, energy-charged U.S. premiere of the work at Tanglewood, it was emphatically clear that he had been right.

Compared with Beethoven's more polished, rounded—and, some say, compromised—version of 1814, the original *Fidelio* turned out to be expansive

and florid, bursting through its forms with a driving force that the composer was only partially able to control. Its heavy orchestration has a strain of wildness that Beethoven tamed in his later revisions; its soaring vocal lines, which he later modified, make harsh demands on singers. In all, there are significant differences from the 1814 revision on 134 of the vocal score's 276 pages.

Leinsdorf does not think the original *Fidelio* will find a place in regular operatic productions, but he sees it as a strong, if difficult, addition to the concert and festival repertory. "It represents the composer at his hottest," he says—and by way of proof, Leinsdorf had to change his sweat-soaked jacket at intermission. "In it, like the genius he was, Beethoven was asking for things ahead of his time which probably could not be done." As Leinsdorf, the orchestra and the singers—particularly Soprano Hanne-Lore Kuhse and Tenor George Shirley—showed at Tanglewood, they can be done now.

PIANISTS

Musical Matchmaker

Austrian-born Friedrich Gulda, 37, enjoys a dual distinction. He is the best classical pianist now playing jazz, and the best jazz pianist now playing classical music. Last week, at the Village Vanguard, he sat in with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, sight-reading a lengthy jazz arrangement. "He played that hell out of that piece," marveled Drummer Lewis afterward. Two days later, he was onstage at Manhattan's Lincoln Center as the piano soloist in Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 20*.

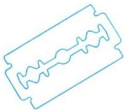
Gulda neither rags the classics nor classicizes jazz; he applies serious artistry to the natural idiom of each. On the international concert circuit, which he has toured for 20 years, he is established as a pianist with perception, power and a sure grasp of structure and phrasing, particularly in Mozart and Beethoven. In jazz recordings and appearances from Berlin to the Newport Festival, he has not only led his own bands but matched his nimble, imaginative piano improvisations with

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BURTON BENINSKY



GULDA AT VILLAGE VANGUARD
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the playing of such top U.S. jazzmen as Dizzy Gillespie and J. J. Johnson.

In Gulda's mind, the two styles do not conflict; they interact. "I think I have learned to infuse my classical playing with the jazz virtues of spontaneity, better-than-average rhythm, and the courage to play each piece differently every time," he says. His jazz, on the other hand, benefits from his classical sense of organization and dizzying technique. "I now find similar and complete satisfaction in both fields," he says.

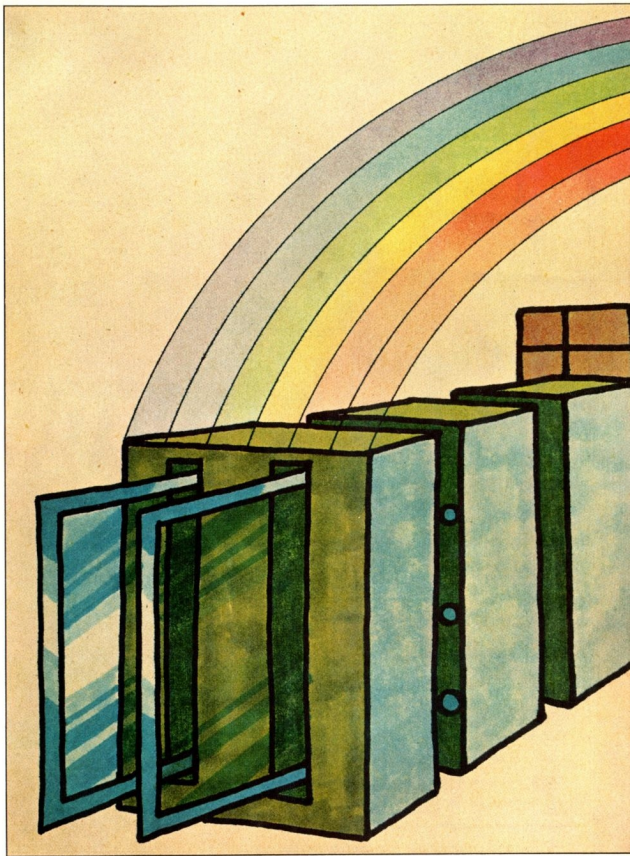
Drive & Risk. It was not always so. Encouraged to play the piano by his parents, who were schoolteachers and amateur musicians in Vienna, Gulda started at seven, reached the Vienna Academy of Music at twelve, soon found himself sliding—without enthusiasm—toward a musical career. At 16, a first prize in a competition at Geneva launched him into the concert world, but something was still missing. When he heard his first Count Basie and Dizzy Gillespie records, he found it in "the rhythmic drive, the risk, the absolute contrast to the pale, academic approach I had been taught." He began jamming with a combo at a Vienna club called Fatty's, eventually had a Vienna radio show, on which, on alternate weeks, he led a jazz octet and performed the 32 Beethoven sonatas. For a few years he tried concentrating on jazz, but finally realized that for him, each style flourished best when enriched by the other.

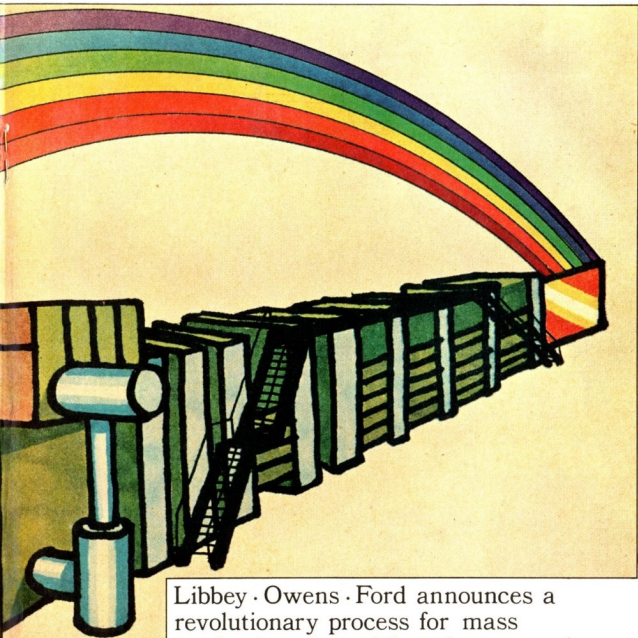
Now that he has struck a balance, Gulda occupies a lonely position. In his attempts to bring jazz and classical musicians together, he is a perennially hopeful—and disappointed—matchmaker. "Each group has much to learn from the other," he sighs, "but when I get them together, they only talk about the weather."



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[illegible]

THE LAW

WITNESSES

Noninvolvement, British Style

On a busy street in Portsmouth, England, the usual swell of pedestrians was going about the business of the day when suddenly some men appeared dragging a 13-year-old girl. She fought and screamed, begging for help as the men forced her into a car. No one did anything; some of the pedestrians did not even stop walking. When the car finally sped away with its captive, not one of the bystanders even took down the license number. "Yes, I heard the girl screaming," said one man later. "But I didn't take any notice."

Last week some Britons took notice. The incident had been filmed by the Southern Independent Television Network and was broadcast on nationwide TV. It had been staged with the help of local police, who played the abductors. Said the program announcer: "Apathy toward crime is astounding." As further proof, ITV showed some other crimes staged before a public that did not want to get involved. In a jewel robbery, the "thieves" ran from the store with their loot in plain view, carrying an injured man whom they threw in the trunk of the getaway car. Again, no one made a move to interfere and no one noted the license plate. Just as impassively, onlookers looked on as a pair of "robbers" smashed a store window and started looting. Only one man, a 35-year-old civil servant, lunged forward to tackle one of the looters. No one else moved.



GRAPPLING WITH PHONY LOOTER
One way to get things noticed.

ITV's candid camera also documented another strange facet of British urban life. Housewives were shown letting strange men into their homes who were wearing only milk-bottle tops as badges. Phony TV repairmen were admitted by women who did not even have sets. Interviewed later, the same women all insisted that they were very cautious about strangers—until they saw themselves on telltale film.

PRISONS

Only on Sunday

On the first and third Sunday of each month, inmates and their wives wend their way to small buildings scattered throughout the 21,000 acres surrounding the Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman. There they relieve tensions and maintain a semblance of normality by taking advantage of the fact that Parchman is the only prison in the U.S. that allows conjugal visits—officially, at least.

Like a motel manager, a trusty dispenses keys and assigns check-out times for each building's half a dozen 8-ft. by 10-ft. rooms furnished with beds, tables and mirrors. About one-quarter of Parchman's 1,700 inmates have access to these rooms; the three-quarters who do not include disciplinary cases, condemned prisoners, unmarried men and all women (in order to avoid prison pregnancies).

Parchman has no record of when or how the practice started. But it was in existence as long ago as 1918, when Negro inmates (now 65% of the segregated prison population) were allowed to take wives or girl friends to their sleeping quarters. For privacy, they hung blankets around the beds. Later, the staff allowed prisoners to build separate units, and eventually girl friends were barred. The system was kept quiet for years, but now it is openly acknowledged, and no one in Mississippi seems greatly exercised about it.

Writing in the current issue of the *Criminal Law Bulletin*, University of Mississippi Sociologist Columbus B. Hopper reports that only 10% of Parchman's 822 unmarried prisoners resent the husbands' privilege. Having studied the system since 1959, Hopper claims that Parchman's unique visits have kept marriages intact, bolstered prison morale and reduced homosexuality—all in sharp contrast to other prisons, where discontent and riots are often attributed to sexual tensions. Hopper adds that Parchman is hardly progressive in any other way: as a prison farm, it simply has more space for informality than conventional prisons with centralized cell blocks.

Conjugal visiting is fairly widespread in Latin America. But Hopper thinks that Parchman will probably remain



CONJUGAL VISIT AT PARCHMAN
At least a semblance of normality.

the only prison in the U.S. to permit it. Even the experiment-minded U.S. Bureau of Prisons opposes the idea, contending that far less than half of the nation's 19,500 federal prisoners have viable marriages that conjugal visits could save, and that such a privilege would only antagonize the have-nots.

THE BAR

Glacial Progress

Like a glacier, the American Bar Association is a deceptive phenomenon. Once a year, some 6,500 of its 125,000 members meet in convention, as they did last week in Honolulu. Papers are read, committees meet, speeches get spoken, progress is made, change takes place. Measurement of that progress and change, however, is not an easy matter. As with a glacier, much of the activity goes on deep within, and the only outward signs of it are a rumble here, a new wrinkle there. Last week in Honolulu there were rumblings of new ideas. Few reached final determination; some were flatly rebuffed. But for the A.B.A., the mere fact of discussion was a sign, however faint, of forward motion. Items:

- **SPECIALIZATION.** With the continuing expansion of the field of law, the individual lawyer finds it increasingly difficult to be competent in its many areas. The informal solution has naturally been to specialize. But the A.B.A. has no rules or regulations governing specialization. After lengthy consideration of the problem, a committee on the availability of legal services recommended that the board of governors be allowed to draw up standards for certification of specialists. That modestly forward-looking proposal went to the house of delegates, where it was surprisingly defeated. Reason: many of the delegates are small, jack-of-all-fields practitioners who fear that an increase in specialization



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A.B.A. PRESIDENT MORRIS
A rumble here, a wrinkle there.

tion would narrow the generalist's practice. The vote effectively blocked action on specialization this year, but proponents of certification promise that they will try again.

• **GROUP LEGAL SERVICES.** Occasional mislabeled group practice, group legal services are services made available by, for example, a union or club as a benefit of membership. But the A.B.A. code of ethics bars them, on the ground that "the professional services of a lawyer should not be controlled or exploited by any lay agency, personal or corporate, which intervenes between client and lawyer." In a convention debate, backers of such services pointed out that they would make legal assistance possible for people who could not otherwise fully afford it. Replied Pennsylvania Attorney Andrew Hourigan Jr., chairman of the A.B.A. committee on unauthorized practice of law: "Simply because group legal services might be an improvement is no reason to rush posthaste into a major revision of ethical standards." Although Hourigan and his committee did not withdraw their opposition, legitimization of group legal services will be fought out in the house of delegates within the next year.

Despite the lack of concrete affirmation, concern for broadened availability of legal services pervaded the meeting. Said new A.B.A. President Earl Morris, a supporter of group legal services: "The legal profession has responded well in the rendition of legal services to clients who could well afford them. Lawyers as individuals and through legal-aid societies have long served the poor." Now lawyers must think of how to go about providing their services to the middle ground of Americans "at a cost they can afford to pay." The most important thing, he said in summarizing the meeting, "is that the bar recognizes that we are living in a rapidly changing and demanding society. Our role is to be attuned to this social change."

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BIOCHEMISTRY

Vitamin D & the Races of Man

The very existence of the essential vitamin D, or "sunshine vitamin," was not established until the present century, but its imprint upon history goes back a million years or more. According to a theory now elaborated by Brandeis University Biochemist W. Farnsworth Loomis, it is because of the human body's need to take in a certain amount of vitamin D, but not too much, that the human species has developed into three principal racial groups distinguished by skin color and loosely called black, yellow and white.

Loomis points out in the journal *Science* that vitamin D is no ordinary vitamin. Unlike the others, it occurs in virtually no natural foods.* It is synthesized in the skin under the influence of ultraviolet rays. The body needs vitamin D if it is to process calcium from food to make bone. Consequently, children need proportionately more vitamin D for their growing bones, and a D deficiency causes rickets.

D differs from most other vitamins in a second important respect: too much of it is as bad as too little. Severe or long-term excess causes chalky calcium deposits in arteries, notably the aorta, and in the kidneys, with stone formation and loss of kidney function. Eventually, this can be fatal. To guard the

* Exceptions: the liver oils of some fish, notably cod and halibut; egg yolks (small quantities) and milk (minute amounts). Milk and many other foods are now "vitamin D enriched" by ultraviolet irradiation.

MEDICINE

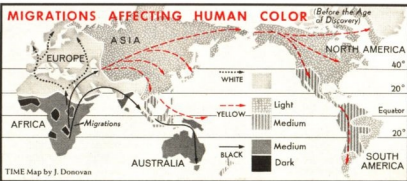
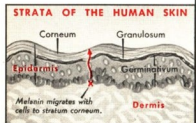
U.S. child against rickets, health authorities recommend a daily vitamin D intake of 400 international units (ten micrograms), which is easily obtained from milk. If the youngster's system makes more vitamin D as he plays in the sun, it is usually not enough to be dangerous. If he is given more than 20,000 units, a child becomes severely ill. In northern climes, most white adults make all the vitamin D they need from casual exposure of their face and hands to the sun and need no dietary supplement. They get ill on 100,000 units a day. But in the tropics, Loomis figures, the white man's unpigmented skin could make a deadly dose of D: up to 800,000 units, he calculates, in a six-hour exposure of his whole body to the equatorial sun.

Origin on the Equator. The control of skin color over vitamin D synthesis, says Loomis, explains the distribution of the races of man in prehistoric and early historic times. As far as anthropologists can tell, "human beings" originated in Africa near the equator. Almost certainly, they had black skins. Many anthropologists have argued that dark skin evolved as a protection against sunburn and skin cancer. On the contrary, says Loomis: dark skin came first, and light skin evolved as a protection against a deficiency of vitamin D. Black skin allows only 3% to 36% of ultraviolet rays to pass, while white skin passes 53% to 72%. As early man moved north from the equatorial region, be-

yond the 40th parallel (roughly, the latitude of Madrid and Naples), Loomis argues, he got into a zone where black skin filters out too much ultraviolet. He encountered rickets. The darkest-skinned young male hunters were so crippled that they could not keep up; the darkest-skinned females died in childbirth because of pelvic deformities. Those who happened to be lighter skinned, of both sexes, survived.

Thus, by the classic Darwinian process of evolution by natural selection, the farther north man went, the more completely did the light-skinned survive and the dark-skinned die out.

The layers of the skin involved in the sun-screening process are visible under a microscope. Below the skin's outermost horny layer, or *stratum corneum* (see diagram), lies a germinative layer where, on exposure to sunlight, the pigment-producing cells are stimulated to produce more melanin—and a suntan. The black races (Negro, Bushman-Hottentot and Australoid), with a more abundant supply of melanin, are in effect, perpetually tanned. Members of the white race are transparent-skinned in winter, when they must make the most of the limited ultraviolet available to synthesize vitamin D, but they take a tan in summer, when they might suffer from an excess. There are other bits of confirmatory evidence: the only relatively dark-skinned people in high latitudes are the Eskimos, who get all the vitamin D they need from fish-liver oils. Until the 1930s, when irradiation of milk to enrich its vitamin D content became prevalent, U.S. Negro children



suffered far more commonly from rickets than white children.

Reverse Selection. There remains the question of why the Mongols and related peoples are "yellow." Biochemist Loomis explains this on the basis of additional keratin (horny material) in the outer skin layers—though dermatologists deny this and say that the Mongol's sun screen is melanin, like the Negro's, but in smaller amounts. Loomis surmises that the yellow races may have developed their coloration after having gone through the white-race depigmentation phase. If migration away from the equator produces lighter skins, says Loomis, reverse migration could have the opposite effect. In the mere 10,000 to 20,000 years since relatively light-skinned Mongols crossed from Siberia to Alaska and spread southward to Tierra del Fuego, there has been a natural selection in favor of the darker-skinned Amerindians between 40° north and 40° south latitude. Outside these boundaries, and in most of the dark rain forests of Brazil, the Indians are not appreciably darker than most Asiatic Mongols.

Loomis' theory is not entirely new, but he has honed it to a greater sharpness than have previous investigators. Every human being of every race lives through a cycle of supporting evidence for at least part of it and carries some in his hand throughout life. Babies of all races are lighter than adults, presumably reflecting nature's provision for early vitamin D needs. And people of all races have pale, unpigmented palms and soles. Since these parts have extra keratin and are not exposed to ultraviolet, they need no melanin protection against excess vitamin D synthesis.

TOXICOLOGY

Beware the Brown Recluse

Menace though it may be, the black widow spider is something of a has-been. For potency of venom, a little-known spider called the brown recluse is now No. 1. Also called the fiddler because of a violin-shaped mark on its head, this species is spreading across the Central and Southern states.

A closely related species in South America has been known for 80 years to cause severe and sometimes gangrenous bites, but the brown recluse (*Loxosceles reclusa*) was not believed to have such a potential until the late 1950s, when doctors at the University of Missouri identified it as the cause of bites that stubbornly refused to heal. In 1957, a University of Kansas instructor suffered a bite that turned gangrenous and created a wound three inches across. Physicians at the University of Arkansas saw more cases, and have made the brown recluse their specialty.

Danger in a Shoe. The brown recluse is well named, for it is a shy little creature and avoids light. It is, says Arkansas' Dr. Calvin J. Dillaha, "potentially more dangerous than the

black widow because its appearance is insignificant to the point of innocence."

It has a body not more than half an inch long. Its color varies from fawn to chocolate brown. It thrives in dark corners and crevices in barns and attics, closets and storerooms.

The brown recluse bites only when it is disturbed and feels threatened. But if it is exploring bed clothes at night, that moment may come when a man simply rolls over in his sleep. Because the bite is inconspicuous and the spider scurries away, the cause is often unsuspected. At first the venom causes only a stinging sensation, without much pain. Two to eight hours later, the pain may become intense, accompanied by nausea, joint pains, severe abdominal cramps and fever. The wound blisters, is surrounded by a hemorrhage. An ulcer may develop, followed by gangrene. The venom appears to contain a spreading

DON EUSSECK



RECLUSE SPIDER

Worse than the widow.

factor, for the wound tends to enlarge in a downward direction.

Penchant for Hiding. The healing time, nearly always prolonged, is in proportion to the size of the ulcer. In some cases, because of the gangrene, the entire wound has to be excised. Even in less severe cases, a skin graft may be required to close it. Without such plastic surgery, victims are left with "a hole in the leg," rather like a bullet hole. Dr. Dillaha's team recommends that when doctors do suspect a brown recluse bite, they give the patient a heavy injection of a cortisone-type hormone, and repeat it, in stepped-down dosage, every other day for ten days. This treatment should relieve the systemic effects and reduce the danger of kidney damage, which arises from destruction of red blood cells and the release of hemoglobin into the circulation.

The present known range of the brown recluse extends from Wisconsin to Texas, and from the Carolinas to Colorado. Because of its penchant for hiding in bundles of bedding or clothing, health officials fear that vacationers may pick up the brown recluse in the infested areas and carry it to their homes in the rest of the country.

Ask The Whiskey

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



As proprietors of America's oldest family distillery we take pride in knowing what goes into the making of fine Bourbon. But I hasten to add, there are some things we don't exactly know. And never will.

I believe the classic remark on the subject belongs to my father.

One day he was conducting a young man through our warehouses, where hundreds of barrels of whiskey rested in open racks, aging in the mild Kentucky air. Seeking enlightenment on the whole process, the visitor inquired as to what went on in a whiskey barrel.

"That I can't say," Dad replied. "I've never been inside one."

Now the fact is that we use the stoutest barrels of any distiller. They are made only for OLD FITZGERALD and so marked by the cooper. Thicker staves. Heavier in weight. All new oak, freshly charred.

Inside these mighty oaken casks every drop of Old FITZ attains its mellow maturity. Our Prime Straight, for example, sojourns a full 8 years—an unprecedented stay for Bourbon bottled at a mild 86.8 proof. But the secret of what happens there stays in the barrel. The lazy workings of time, wood and weather on the whiskey are mysteries to which no man can claim the key.

Best advice I can give is: ask the whiskey. Taste our Bourbon carefully and critically. You'll savor all we've learned in 118 years of Bourbon making, all there is to know about genuine Sour Mash flavor.

OLD FITZGERALD, whether Original Bonded or Prime Straight, is the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky... and probably in the world... as documented by Kentucky distilling records.

Your first taste will prove it's also the most enjoyable to drink.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Fighting to Lose Least

In the good old *Front Page* tradition, Chicago is probably the most competitive newspaper town in the U.S. Four daily newspapers, owned by two companies, still battle for news beats and circulation, advertising and impact. In the morning, the late Colonel Robert R. McCormick's Chicago Tribune stands grandly against the up-and-com-

jects more of a personality, and Editor Emmett Dedmon's reporters are better known around town. The paper's once-over-lightly treatment of the news appeals to commuters riding buses into the city as well as to Chicago's growing Negro population. "The Sun-Times," says a onetime Chicago editor, "comes closest to being a successful all-things-to-all-people product. It has an identity, something that's harder to find in other Chicago newspapers."

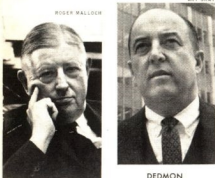
The Trib, on the other hand, is proud of its tradition, thank you. Editor Don Maxwell, 67, was handpicked for his job by the late Colonel McCormick. Maxwell, in turn, has hand-picked his successor, Managing Editor Clayton Kirkpatrick, 52. "The Tribune is what it is today," says Maxwell, "because we have a tradition. Editor Joseph Medill instructed the directors of the Tribune in his will: 'I hope you will always be able to remain Republican but always show good sense.' I don't think the Tribune will ever become flighty. Not so long as I am here. Not when Kirk takes over." The Trib has, however, added a sprightly fashion section called "Feminique," and in September will jointly publish a new book section with the Washington Post. Its Sunday magazine is becoming politically venturesome and occasionally thoughtful. "That magazine frightens me sometimes," says Maxwell.

More Warmth. Before it was bought by the Chicago Tribune in 1956, the afternoon American followed the Hearst formula of crime and sex and did not even think of competing with the top-ranked News. That largely has changed under Tribune-appointed Editor Lloyd Wendt, who often beats the News on breaking stories. "I thought we ought to write short, edit tightly, emphasize things of interest to women and develop a stable of good features," says American Publisher Stuart List. "It seems to me that if we edit for the great middle class, we put out a good paper." The American manages to remain editorially independent of the inflexibly right-wing Trib. "I'm sure when we came out for Senator Douglas over

Chuck Percy, there was some gulping over there," says List. "But we never heard about it."

The unlooked-for troubles of the News puzzle everybody. With reporters such as Washington Bureau Chief Peter Lisagor and columnists such as Mike Royko, the paper has perhaps the most talent of any in Chicago. But since the 1950s, it has not been able to come to any useful conclusion about what it wants to be. Editor Larry Fanning tried to make it a quality paper with a magazine-style format. After he was ousted in 1965, his successor, Roy Fisher, strove for circulation gains with more conventional fare. That hasn't worked either. Once again, the paper is planning a substantial change: in October an attempt will be made to give it more warmth and informality. "The News of today has a masculine image," says Field Vice President and General Manager J. G. Trezevant. "We are going to have to make a stronger appeal to women."

Both Field and the Tribune have the resources to fight almost indefinitely. It boils down to how long they are willing to go on taking substantial losses. At the moment, there is talk neither of merger nor of giving up—only of new and ingenious ways to continue competing. And that, at least, is in the best Chicago tradition.



MAXWELL

DEDMON

Talk neither of merger nor of giving up.

ing Sun-Times of the late Marshall Field. In the afternoon, the McCormick forces are represented briskly by the ex-Hearst Chicago's American; Field Enterprises publish the once-great Daily News.

Lately, an ominous note has crept into the competition. In the past, the fight was for larger circulation gains; now much of the struggle is just to keep from losing readers. Looming is the sort of crisis that has overtaken almost every other U.S. city and reduced the number of dailies to one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

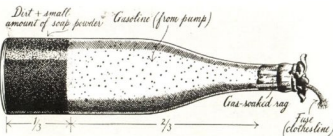
Coming Closest. Over the past six years, Chicago's papers have suffered a combined daily circulation loss of 115,892. The Tribune's circulation has dropped more than 4% to 827,524. The News is down 14% to 464,221. The American has declined by a fraction to 443,761, though it has gained 9,605 since 1965. But in the past two years, the Sun-Times has forged ahead with an increase of 13,583, bringing its circulation to 548,162. Although both morning dailies are making money, it is estimated that the afternoon papers are losing a combined total of \$8,000,000 a year. That loss is bound to grow as production costs continue to escalate and the papers pour more money into the fight.

The tabloid Sun-Times does not attempt to carry as much news as the Trib, but what it does run is sharply written and attractively and conveniently presented. Directed at readers younger than the Trib's, the Sun-Times pro-

MAGAZINES

Pop-Out

The cover of the *New York Review of Books*, a biweekly publication that offers highly literate book reviews to highly literate readers, normally carries nothing more than large-type announcements of what is inside. What is inside is words, with a sprinkling of pen-and-ink caricatures with oversized heads by David Levin. Last week, to the wondering eyes of its white, middle-class readers, *Review* devoted the lower third of a cover dealing with books on Negro rebellion to a detailed, do-it-yourself diagram of a Molotov cocktail. Some were amused, some were startled, none were likely to make much use of the blueprint. What was meant to give everybody a bang turned out to be just a little pop art.



"REVIEW'S" MOLOTOV COCKTAIL
Not terribly useful for these readers, anyway.



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MODERN LIVING

SOCIETY

Saratoga Story

"According to an old saying, a fashionable woman can get by with just her pearls." Recalling this, Marie Louise Schroeder Hosford Whitney, 41, fourth wife of Multimillionaire Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney, 68, bravely fastened on the \$500,000 string of pearls that had once adorned the throat of France's Empress Eugénie and set out for her own party at the Saratoga Golf Club. Even Marylou, as she has styled herself ever since she got to like the sig-

ring, Sonny's mother's diamond necklace, ruby and sapphire pins, even the turquoise owl pin that Marylou recalled sadly was "the first thing Sonny ever gave me." Even more maddening, there were no clues. Five of the six servants had taken off the night of the theft; the butler had locked every door but the front one. As the police pointed out, "Everyone who had access is a suspect."

Marylou discovered the theft just before going out to a dinner in honor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which is playing at this year's Saratoga Performing Arts Center, one of Sonny's pet

her down at all; at age 31, she had had four children, had started up her own real estate business and a Phoenix TV show when one evening she casually met Sonny Whitney in a Phoenix nightclub. Sonny decided on the spot that her ash-blond hair, grey-green eyes and size 6 figure made her the ideal heroine to play opposite Lee Marvin in *The Missouri Traveler*, a Hollywood production that Sonny was bankrolling.

Marylou was game to try the movies, even though, as she admits, "I am long in the face and long in the body." She celebrated her first film by putting out *The Missouri Traveler Cookbook*, which included recipes for such things as "Four-Poster Sherbet Ring." But what really set gossip columnists on their ears was the lines she tagged onto the end of her recipe book: "The sky is blue, my heart is full, and the future looks bright and Sonny."

Xeroxed Menus. Divorces followed soon after that, and Marylou moved smoothly into the multimillionaire Whitney world, where she graciously presided as hostess at Sonny's estates in Oyster Bay, Lexington, Ky., Palm Beach, Flin Flon, Manitoba, Saranac Lake, N.Y., and in Saratoga. She and Sonny took up painting (after all, Sonny's mother, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, was herself a talented sculptress and founder of Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art), and for sweet charity's sake auctioned off their works (he does landscapes, she paints children). There is now a daughter, Cornelia, 7, and there are the horses. Says Marylou: "I feel strongly about horses, maybe a little too strongly. They are like the family. Racing is a very important part of our life."

Being a Whitney also meant lots and lots of parties—Charlestoning at the "Roaring 20s" party in Palm Beach, learning enough Arabic to greet Saudi Arabia's King Saud ("Awfully nice of you," murmured Rose Kennedy), and, as she confesses, "giving 15 times more parties than my friends." As a result, Marylou feels, "I'm as organized as a career girl," what with keeping track of all the menus and guest lists, which she Xeroxes and files with comments for the following year.

Because Sonny likes to have beautiful things out and in use, Marylou uses the silver cups and platters won by the Whitney racing stable for everything from caviar to sherbet. The same goes for the jewelry that Sonny loves to collect. As a result, Marylou has been a stunning adornment to every ball she has attended. Adding a special luster is the 1,900-diamond tiara, once the property of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, which she likes to wear for specially grand occasions, such as the opening of the Metropolitan Opera.

The Empress' tiara, fortunately, was safe in the bank vault when the jewel thieves struck. But there had been an uneasy moment last year when Sonny's wife No. 3, Eleanor Scarle Whitney, told a columnist that the tiara was



MARYLOU WHITNEY AFTER THE THEFT

Oh well, the sky's still blue, the heart's still full, and the future's still Sonny.



AT HER TEA DANCE*

nature on her oil paintings, admitted that the big pearls might seem "too much" for just an afternoon tea dance. But if ever a gal needed a lift last week, it was Marylou.

There she was, about to face the cream of Saratoga's August racing community. Not that they didn't all know each other; after all, it was the fifth party that Marylou had given in eight days. Nor was it because that, in honor of the Belmont Ball committee, she had invited them to, of all things, an after-the-races tea dance. "There are so many cocktail parties," Marylou said, "I wanted to do something just a little different." The reason for the apprehension was that "they"—the Wideners, the Wetherills, the Vanderbilts and the Sanfords—would all want to know about "it"—the \$780,000 jewel robbery at the Whitneys' Cady Hill House just four days earlier.

Miserable on Champagne. The miracle of "it" all was that the thieves had missed the pearls, which Marylou had casually dropped into her bedroom dresser drawer. But they hadn't missed much else: her diamond engagement

projects. She went to get her jewel box, stashed away between blankets in the linen closet ("one of my four secret places," she says), and discovered the jewels were missing. "I had to go through the whole party without anybody knowing," she recalls. "I drank lots of champagne and tried to look happy. But I felt miserable."

Demurely, but Prematurely. That the jewel theft should be discovered just before a meal fitted Marylou's pattern. "All the important events of my life," says she, "have to do with food"—beginning with her birth. Her mother was glazing a ham in the oven on Christmas Eve in Kansas City when the ham suddenly flamed up, catching her mother's dress on fire. As a result of mother's exertions, according to Marylou, "I was born demurely, but prematurely." She developed a dramatic flair at Iowa State, tried her hand at amateur theatricals, and even had her own disk-jockey show during World War II. Marrying Frank Hosford, a Greenwich, Conn., and Scottsdale, Ariz., realtor, hardly slowed

* With Newspaper Publisher John S. Knight.

a gift Sonny had bought for her, Marylou would have none of it. Said she: "Sonny bought it as an investment. And I must say, the pleasure of wearing it is delicious."

FASHION

Newest Tack

If a girl doesn't click, clink, clank or at least jingle this fall, she's just not part of the scene. The newest thing is the Hardware Look, and anything bright and metallic will do. There are chains to jangle at the waist, neck and wrist. Coats and pocketbooks come studded with nailheads, bells will tinkle along

DEB MARTIN



MODEL IN BEST'S "HARDWARE SHOP"
Show your metal, girls.

skirt hems, and shoes now have metal toggles and linked brass loops. Out-sized zippers are on everything.

In Manhattan, Best & Co. has already opened its new boutique, "The Hardware Shop," and is urging its customers to "show their metal." On the same nuts-and-bolts theme, Bonwit Teller in Chicago is boasting that one of its belts, an Yves St. Laurent creation of plastic and gold-colored metal, is "causing a chain reaction."

The bright and brassy look has been clicking along for several years now. Florence's Gucci has made a trademark of her small gold toggles for shoes; in Paris in 1966, Cardin made a big thing out of suits and dresses with big industrial zippers. Now hardware is everywhere, from teen-ager styles to *haute couture*.

Fashion Coordinator Ardelle Tuma, of Chicago's Carson Pirie Scott & Co., says hardware had to come: "With all the uncluttered look, designers started to give a new identity to silhouettes. Hardware is expressive and dramatic."



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

More Sparks from Holland

Pope Paul VI issued yet another statement last week cautioning the faithful about ultra-reformist tendencies in the wake of the Second Vatican Council. The Pontiff rebuked those who are trying "to attribute to the council every type of novelty, even going so far as to question fundamental doctrines of Catholicism, declaring that truths defined by the church are matters of opinion." The Pope's warning was read with special interest in The Netherlands, where the church is the center of avant-garde thinking within Catholicism. At present, Dutch clerics are involved in theological disputes with Rome over two bestselling books that deal with fundamental church issues.

Out of the Vatican? Slimmer of the pair is *The Grave of God*, a 178-page volume about the future of the church by Father Robert Adolfs, prior of the Augustinian friars in Eindhoven. Unless the church changes, writes Adolfs, "she has no future. Imperceptibly, she will come more and more to perform functional duties within a social order which is essentially tied to an unchristian ideology. She will gradually dig her own grave, which will at the same time be the grave of God." Adolfs maintains that the church should give up all claims to worldly power, calls on the hierarchy to divest itself of its "Renaissance splendor," and suggests that the Pope shed his regal vestments, quit the Vatican Palace and live in Rome. Last week, warning to his subject, Adolfs wrote in the *New Christian*: "Every time the Pope speaks he reflects the old atmosphere, the old church structures. One can only conclude that the Pope is either a puppet in the hands of conservative Curia cardinals or—which seems more probable—he is himself a conservative to the backbone."

Although his book received an imprimatur from a Dutch bishop, Adolfs was summoned by the assistant general of the Augustinian order last June to a "brotherly dialogue" at an out-of-the-way hostel for vagrants in Eindhoven. Adolfs was read a two-page assessment of his book by an anonymous reviewer, then instructed to reply to a list of ten complex questions on church teachings. Otherwise, he was warned, "you will be prohibited to write." According to Adolfs, the questions reflected a misreading of his book and were "alien to everything that is alive in the church. In this kind of atmosphere, I would implicate myself by answering them." Adolfs was ordered to have publication of the book stopped immediately; he left the matter to his Dutch publisher, who is now well into the book's third edition and plans to keep the presses rolling anyhow.



FATHER ADOLFS
Implication in the answer.

Homosexuals & Calvin. The second dispute is much more serious, involving the entire Dutch episcopate and a new 625-page catechism that has been on the bestseller list since it was published last October under the imprimatur of Holland's Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink. *De Nieuwe Catechismus* is the work of some 150 experts and is aimed at interpreting church doctrine in the spirit of the recent Vatican Council. Written for adults, it breaks with the simplistic rote question-and-answer catechisms traditionally used for children. Instead, it is a sophisticated, often undogmatic book that frankly discusses a wide range of subjects, from homosexuals ("often hardworking people of high integrity") to Calvin ("a man possessed by the ab-

solute majesty of God"), and even refers to "the passion for justice of the Marxists."

Last November a group of conservative Dutch laymen sent a letter of protest to Pope Paul asking for an official probe: old-guard cardinals in the Vatican agreed that there should be a full investigation. They particularly objected to the catechism's comments on the virgin birth and original sin. Mirroring recent skepticism among reform circles, the Dutch theologians deliberately left open the question of Mary's biological virginity. They also point out that original sin has been taken for granted as being inherited. To explain the concept to modern man, the Dutch catechism describes it as the collective guilt in which each human being participates. The catechism adds, "We need not attach particular significance to a 'first sin' since the fact that man sins today is more important." In addition, the conservatives say that the new catechism contravenes official church teaching on the Eucharist, birth control, man's soul, and the existence of angels.

The Dutch authors disagree that the catechism is in error. "Everything that is alive has to renew itself if it wants to stay alive," The Netherlands' episcopate wrote in the introduction. "The faith stays the same; the approach toward it is new." For all that, three liberal clerics from The Netherlands were called to a secret meeting in northern Italy with Vatican theologians. At the meeting, the Dutch announced that some of the more controversial passages would be rewritten. But they made it clear that they intended to alter phrasing, not ideas. Later Cardinal Alfrink repeated essentially the same thing during a personal audience with Pope Paul.

A Deeper Problem. When translated excerpts of the new catechism were first read to the Pope, his reaction was apparently tolerant and understanding. But since preparations had been made to publish it in six other countries, the Pontiff feared that widespread distribution would make it appear that the catechism had official Vatican approval. In June the Vatican insisted that all translations be suspended until they had been cleared by a special committee of six cardinals. Although the other foreign publishers are still awaiting clearance, French and U.S. publishers last week were going ahead, but were prepared to include any revisions.

The Rev. Willem Bless, director of the Higher Catechetical Institute in Holland, expects that a compromise solution for the new catechism will finally be found, but adds, "The problem goes deeper, of course. There are certain people in Rome who would like to ban this book completely. The publication of this book comes from a completely new and more open way of thinking than they have ever witnessed. It comes from a world that is completely strange to them."



CARDINAL ALFRINK
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ART

ARTISTS

Lofty Solutions

New York, with some 50,000 working artists, can lay claim to being the art center of the world. But almost to a man, artists are plagued by a common problem: lack of light and space big enough to serve as studios. The fact that the art community continues to swell and that works these days grow

UDO WULAS FROM "NEW YORK: THE NEW ART SCENE"



ROSENQUIST IN STUDIO

Take a gym, or hire a hall.

ever larger only exacerbates the problem. To get a space big enough to work in, Painter Mark Rothko, for instance, once took over the gymnasium of a no longer used Bowery high school. Helen Frankenthaler, who ordinarily works out of an East Side brownstone, had to hire a theater to stretch out her 30-ft-high banner painting for Expo 67. Ellsworth Kelly confesses that he never saw one of his large canvases all in one piece until it was put together in an exhibition. Some artists, such as Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg, who work on the same billboard scale as James Rosenquist, have bought their own buildings.

By and large, artists have tried to solve the problem by moving into old industrial lofts. But living there often meant breaking the city's fire and non-occupancy laws or entailed the double cost of maintaining separate living and studio quarters. And with urban renewal, even lofts are becoming a rarity. Last week a spate of new projects, all aimed at alleviating their housing problem, convinced artists that their pleas for help might at last be beginning to register.

The National Council on the Arts and the J. M. Kaplan Fund announced a joint project to convert the eight-building Bell Telephone Laboratories on Manhattan's Lower West Side into a \$10 million artists' center providing housing for 500 painters, writers, musicians, dancers and film makers. At the same time, Lyons Houses, which owns a chain of dollar-a-night hotels on New York's Bowery (where artists have traditionally hobnobbed with derelicts) began renovating one of them, the Alabama, into studio housing, eventually may follow suit with others. And in Brooklyn Heights, the city has decided to include a low-cost studio cooperative for artists in its urban-renewal plans.

Of the projects, the conversion of the Bell Laboratories is by far the most ambitious undertaking. The building itself—where Herbert Hoover watched the first television demonstration, Jascha Heifetz recorded on one of the first "primitive" hi-fi systems, and Sam Warner made the first "talkie"—is peculiarly suitable, with its 10-ft. to 16-ft. ceilings, a cafeteria and an auditorium, all features that Architect Richard Meier hopes to preserve in the renovation. Tenants, to be screened by a citizens' committee, will be able to rent units at approximately \$110 a month.

STYLES

Secrets of Shangri-La

For centuries the tiny Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan has remained as enigmatic and elusive to Western eyes as the legendary Abominable Snowman that ambles across its snowy slopes. Dotted with aerie temples and emerald valleys, ruled by a Dragon King whose subjects dress like Renaissance page boys, Bhutan relished the role of the world's last Shangri-La, and kept a closed door to foreigners. As a result it preserved a way of life indistinguishable from that of its countrymen a thousand years ago.

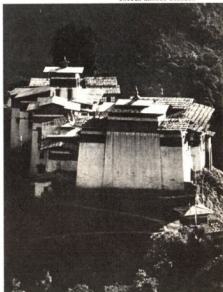
Today all that seems destined to change. Nestled next to Communist-ruled Tibet, Bhutan has become a last frontier between China and India—and one of the most strategic chunks of geography on earth. To dispel some of the question marks, its progressive king, Jigme Dorji Wangchuk, 39, recently invited three Swiss scholars, Geologist Augusto Gansser, his photographer daughter and Vienna-born Tibetologist Blanche-Christine Olschak, to observe and record the whole spectrum of Bhutan's culture. They have emerged with a fascinating photographic record including temples and monastic art treasures seen hitherto only by privileged lamas (see color opposite).

Snakes & Tiger Skins. Bhutanese art, the Swiss team found, is almost exclusively kept in the fortresslike dzongs,

which serve as the administrative and religious centers for each district. Once inside the whitewashed stone walls capped by pagodalike roofs, they found the monastic quarters magnificently decorated with tapestries, sculpture and paintings. One of the most impressive was Paro Dzong, located on the old caravan route from Tibet to India. There, the Swiss group witnessed the traditional New Year's dance beneath the giant prayer banner, or *thangka*, which portrays Padmasambhava (Lotus-born), the Indian missionary—and central figure in Bhutan's art—who converted Bhutan to Buddhism in the 8th century. In his hand he holds a thunderbolt, symbol of enlightenment to the pageantry-rich people.

Bhutanese tapestries and wall paintings are a blend of Buddhism, Hinduism and Bon, the country's original cult of sorcery and spirit worship. There is little in them to distinguish today from yesterday. Works are not dated; subject matter is part of a continuous tradition handed down from monk to monk, generation to generation. Often the meaning of the centuries-old silk tapestries is obscure. The *Mystic Spiral*, intended for monastic meditation, is a vision whose precise symbolism is known only to a few learned lamas. To the Western viewer, its concentric cir-

UDULO WAKKUL-GANDLER



BHUTANESE "DZONG"

Where today is yesterday.

cles, drawing him into a dizzying infinity, are startlingly like contemporary art and psychedelic art. The *God of 1,000 Eyes*, though menacing in appearance with his tiger skin and collar of snakes, is actually a protective deity in which the eye, symbol of wisdom and knowledge, appears even on his fingertips. Set against a threatening backdrop of flames and darkness, it seems a particularly apt talisman for Bhutan today.

Bhutan's Ancient Shrines



"MYSTIC SPIRAL" EMBLAZONS FORTRESS

"GOD OF 1,000 EYES" DENOTES WISDOM

LAYMEN DANCE BEFORE TAPESTRY DEPICTING "SECOND BUDDHA" WHO CONVERTED BHUTAN



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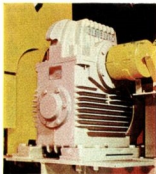
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DENNIS IN "STAIRCASE"
Unscratched by the point.

Dear Old Jungle-Rule Days

Up the Down *Staircase* is a skillful culling of memorable moments from Bel Kaufman's novel about a teacher's struggle in a New York "problem-area" high school. They have been assembled by Writer Tad Mosel and Director Robert Mulligan into an entertainment of high spirits, its sheen unscratched by the book's real point.

Sandy Dennis plays Tyro Schoolmarm Sylvia Barrett and re-creates with considerable grace her abandonment of college-bred tenets and concepts to cope with realities in the concrete jungle. Both antagonistic forces—a bunch of surly, underprivileged kids on one side and a school administration of monolithic obtuseness on the other—abound in stereotypes: the unloved Fat Girl, the sullen boy with a streak of buried brilliance, the love-hungry spinster, the platitude-spinning principal and his vicious, misanthropic assistant.

But they are stereotypes only because they exist profusely in life, as Novelist Kaufman came to realize in her 17 years of teaching. Her book is more than a gallery of grotesques; it evokes the frustration of the teacher smothered under a mountain of paperwork created by today's urban educational bureaucracies. In presenting the gallery without the guts, the producers offer an attractive movie while overlooking a potentially important one.

Even so, *Staircase* is a superior example of its genre. Much of its impact comes from Director Mulligan's eye for setting and atmosphere. His Calvin Coolidge High is an actual Manhattan school building, its rust and raunch untouched for the camera, and his neighborhood is a horrifyingly typical New York slum street. His supporting cast, notably Sorrell Booke as the exasperated principal and Florence Stanley as a guidance counselor in love with instant

evaluation, is ideal. So is Fred Karlin's musical score, in its ironic blending of baroque blandness and jungle throb.

In the end, however, it is the kids themselves who provide the ring of truth. Mulligan did his casting on the city's streets, and coaxed from a group of inexperienced youngsters (some of whom showed up for work with switchblades) a series of magnificent life studies. One unforgettable moment: Ellen O'Mara as the Fat Girl, at a school dance in the arms of the English teacher (Patrick Bedford) she idolizes, her square pudding face aglow in awe and beatification. At such moments, rare in cinematic annals, the camera uses unadorned reality as its point of departure and comes around full circle.

Forced Entry

Enter *Laughing*. Carl Reiner's autobiographical novel about a stage-struck Jewish boy's first taste of ham was one of the delights of Broadway in 1963, thanks to Joseph Stein's knowing dramatization and to a winning performance by Alan Arkin as the fumbling hero. Now Reiner has directed a film version that sticks closely to the words of the play but destroys much of its sly insight into the dawning of awareness in darkest Bronx.

Arkin used the whole man to embody adolescent chutzpah; Newcomer Reni Santoni seems able to draw on only a pout here and a giggled eyebrow there, which is far from enough. Shelley Winters and David Opatoshu contribute a pair of luridly overdrawn caricatures as the well-meaning parents who stand by helplessly while their son switches his ambitions from pharmacy to footlights. By contrast, José Ferrer and Elaine May seem almost drawn from life as the flamboyant impresario of a pass-the-hat theatrical workshop and his daffy Duse of a daughter. Their world of raucous flea-bitten theatrics seems, oddly enough, more wholesome than Mom's chicken soup.

War Is Soap

Beach Red. Peter Bowman's moving free-verse novel about a Marine detachment on a World War II Pacific beachhead was an understated masterpiece. In turning it into a film, however, Actor-Director Cornel Wilde has underlined its import so heavily as to convert Bowman's subtle poetry into monumental mawkishness. The message, that war is hell and soldiers are better off holding hands with the girls back home, is pounded out with a naïveté beyond belief.

As the men inch forward toward their goal, the action stops to let each one run over in his mind a private snapshot album of *The Ways Things Were*. And over across the hill, the Japanese are doing the same. Every cliché is in its niche: the sensitive downy-cheeked youngster who wants to be a lawyer;

the noble captain (Wilde) who tells the lad that he "will be a better lawyer for all this"; the hillbilly hankering after "jes' one more woman afore Ah git it." Grisly glimpses of shot-off limbs and other carnage lend the film a certain sense of reality, but in the end blood and treacle flow at equal rate.

In Common Cause

The Birds, the Bees and the Italians. Pietro Germi's boisterous travelogue through the bedrooms of a small Italian city was originally called simply *Signore e Signori*; its hoked-up English title is about its only flaw.


The theme is adultery, and the assembled husbands of Treviso provide a hilarious survey of some of the resultant absurdities. One, Alberto Lionello, comes sniveling to a doctor friend, bemoaning a sudden attack of impotence. The doctor (Gigi Ballista) trustingly leaves Lionello to keep his wife company while he goes off for fun and games, returns a few hours later to find to his horror that the patient is miraculously cured.

Another (Gastone Moschin) walks out on his nattering wife to find comfort as generously dispensed by a café hostess (Virna Lisi). His friends envy his conquest and join forces with the wife to hound him back to domesticity. Yet, an intruding enemy can unite all men in common cause. When a teenage peasant girl (Patrizia Valturri) is entertained by the husbands in an afternoon of collective amiability, and later hauls them before a judge, they take up a collection to buy her off and rescue the community's honor.

The appeal of Germi's storytelling, as in his earlier *Divorce—Italian Style*, comes about largely through his impeccable feeling for pace. *Birds* spins out its simple material for nearly two hours, but every breath and heartbeat seems to occupy exactly the right amount of time. And Virna Lisi, whose surface adornments Hollywood's cameras have already thoroughly explored, emerges under Germi's unhurried guidance as an actress of depth as well.



LISI IN "BIRDS"
From the surface to the depths.



SPORT

MOSBACHER CHARGING TO WINDWARD OFF NEWPORT
Shakespeare was obviously a landlubber.

YACHTING

The Intrepid Gentleman (See Cover)

Shed no nostalgic tears for Newport. The great "Gilded Age" of the early 1900s—when O.H.P. Belmont's carriage horses used to sleep on pure white linen sheets, and William Fahnestock festooned the trees on his estate with 14-carat gold artificial fruits—has passed. But Rhode Island's "Queen of Resorts" still has its cachet and its names; the Auchinclosses, the Dukes, the Donahues, the Drexels, Lorillards, Woolworths and Hartfords.

Mrs. Margaret Van Alen Bruguière, the summer colony's *grande dame*, still lives in her 50-room "cottage," Wakehurst, surrounded by a fortune in art and a dozen servants. Bailey's Beach, where the memberships pass from father to son, is still "the most exclusive swimming hole in the U.S." In the Newport Casino, ladies still sip tea under parasols, while their husbands, decked out in white flannels and old school blazers, watch the tennis matches. And at nightfall, there is the Preservation Society Ball, the Tennis Ball, the White Elephant Ball, the Jazz Festival, plus a progression of wedding receptions and black-tie soirees in honor of anything and anyone, provided that he ranks somewhere up there with a U.S. Senator or a European count.

Yet the real lion of Newport society this summer, the most talked-about and sought-after visitor in town, the guest without whose presence no party can truly be called a success, is a normally gregarious fellow named Emil Mosbacher Jr. Unfortunately, Mr. Mosbacher regrets. His appointment book is full. He is dating a lady named *Intrepid*, and she is a most demanding mistress.

She gets him up at 6:30 every morning, sends him to bed exhausted at 11 every night. She has given him sunburn, windburn and heartburn, great anxiety, occasional despair, and the kind of gut satisfaction that makes it all worthwhile. Sometime within the next two weeks, unless every sailing expert has lost his bearings, the commodore of the New York Yacht Club will come alongside *Intrepid* and say to "Bus" Mosbacher: "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that *Intrepid* has been selected to defend the America's Cup against the Australians in a match starting Sept. 12. Congratulations."

The Way to Go. "Ships are but boards," Shakespeare wrote, "sailors but men." He was obviously a landlubber. Never in U.S. history have so many men gone down to the sea (or lake, or river) in ships (or boats)—and whether they sail a 13-ft. Blue Jay or a 70-ft. offshore racer, they are a breed apart. West Coast fanatics get their kicks out of racing dinky, 8-ft. *El Toros* around treacherous San Francisco Bay, where a 20-knot wind is just air conditioning. Wintertime "frostbite" racing in tiny dinghies (6-ft. to 14-ft. cockleshells with sails) is all the rage on the Great Lakes: "I was dunked three times last winter," boasts a gleeful Chicagoan. In last June's gale-tossed Annapolis-to-Newport race, 91 boats started and only 55 finished; 9 were dismasted, and one sank. "I know of men who have died during races at the age of 70," says Champion Star-Class Racer Bill Parks, 45, of Chicago. "It's the way they probably would have wanted to go."

Sailors forget their wives, their mistresses, their children and, of course, their bank accounts for the feel of the wind and the sound of the starting gun. Everybody remembers J. P. Mor-

gan's haughty retort not to ask the cost of maintaining a yacht. But everybody is doing his best to make a liar out of him. The price of a relatively modest 19-ft. Lightning racer is \$3,200 (more than 10,600 sold to date), and that's just the beginning. "A boat," as one Miami sailor puts it, "is a hole in the water, into which you pour your money." Docking fees run anywhere from \$2 per day at the Ninnesch Yacht Club near Wichita, Kans., to \$10 per day at the crowded slips in Newport. Yearly maintenance on a 23-ft. Star-class racer costs between \$500 and \$1,000—and the annual tab for a 40-ft. ocean-racing yawl can top five figures.

Who cares? "Sailing keeps you alive," says Chicago Psychiatrist Thaddeus Kostrubala, proud owner of a highly therapeutic 32-ft. cruising sloop. "It's a link with nature, with God, with the primeval. It touches your fantasy, your very wellspring. You have to read Conrad to really understand." For those who race, the motivation has a keener edge. "The sport is marvelously complex and terribly competitive," says Bill Parks. "It's a great challenge because there are so many variables: the wind, the weather, water conditions, other boats. You have to tune your boat, get the optimum performance out of it. Even then, it's a roll of the dice." And while the dice are in the air, anyone—for one brief Mittyesque moment—can be Bus Mosbacher, sailing out of Newport for the America's Cup.

Harsh Terms. The America's Cup is the closest thing to a Holy Grail in sport. "On no other sporting prize," wrote the late Everett B. Morris, in his definitive history *Sailing for America's Cup*, "has so much gold, technical virtuosity, brainpower and brawn been expended." The contest, not the old Victorian silver ewer, is the thing. In the demands it makes on boat and man, it is the ultimate, the very pinnacle in yachting. What started 116 years ago as a gentlemen's lark, has become a proving ground for technocrats, a vast public spectacle, an affair of national pride, purpose and prestige that so far has cost the competitors, winners and losers combined, an estimated \$50 million—with no guarantees on the investment except that somebody would win and somebody else would lose.

No such harsh terms faced John C. Stevens, a founder of the New York Yacht Club, when he sailed his new, 102-ft. pilot schooner *America* to England in 1851 to do battle with the Royal Yacht Squadron in a race around the Isle of Wight. The original price of the *America* was to be \$30,000, but her builder had to knock her down to \$20,000 because she did not prove the fastest boat in the U.S.* Against the

* By contrast, the full-scale replica of *America* that sailed into New York harbor last week en route to the Cup trials at Newport cost the F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co. \$500,000 to construct. Architects for the new *America*: Sparkman & Stephens, the same firm that designed *Intrepid*.

British, though, she was worth every penny. Near the finish line, aboard her royal yacht, Queen Victoria herself waited to present the "100 Guineas Cup" to the winner. "Sail ho!" came the cry from the bridge. "Which boat is it?" demanded the Queen. "The *America*, Madam." Said Victoria: "Oh, indeed. And which is second?" There was a pause while the signalman's glass swept the horizon. "I regret to report," came the halting reply, "that there is no second." At least not that eyes could see—the British were so far behind.

That set the pattern. Over the next 86 years, the British tried 14 times to win the Cup, the Canadians twice, and all their efforts met with defeat at the hands of Yankee design, tactics or luck. "I willna challenge again. I canna win," sighed Glasgow Tea Baron Sir Thomas Lipton in 1931, when the fifth of his *Shamrocks* suffered the same inglorious fate as the previous four. Next came T.O.M. Sopwith, famed stunt flyer, hydroplane racer and aircraft builder—and with him the grand era of the J-boat, majestic, 130-ft.-long monsters with 165-ft. masts and clouds of sail, crewed largely by professionals and capable of speeds up to 18 knots on a close-hauled reach. No faster or prettier oceanracers ever existed—or ever will again. In 1937, with Europe in turmoil, Commodore Harold Vanderbilt's *Ranger*, designed by Naval Architect Olin J. Stephens II, even then a brilliant, but little-known youngster, sank Sopwith's *Endavour II* in four straight races, and the America's Cup was bolted into a trophy case in the New York



BUS (LEFT) AT 14 AFTER WINNING LONG ISLAND SOUND MIDGET CHAMPIONSHIPS
But there were times when he stayed away for the weekend.

Yacht Club—there to remain, virtually forgotten, for most of a generation. Within a few years, proud *Ranger* was destroyed, her 110-ton lead keel melted down, her steel hull sold for scrap.

Finally, in 1958, came a new challenge from Britain. But not in J-boats, which no one could afford to build. The class now was the International 12-Meter Sloop,* half as big as the J, half as fast, twice as maneuverable—and twice as exciting. The excitement was less the Twelves (after all, the class had been around for 51 years) than the men who turned up to crew them. They were gifted amateurs, many of plebeian ancestry, who earned their spurs in the democratic rough-and-tumble of "one-design" small-boat racing—where the sailor was more important than his boat, and skill, imagination and daring were the stuff of success. To the sport of big-boat racing, they brought new techniques and tactics that were ingenious, efficient, and often downright impolite. From the very start, as four U.S. Twelves squared off to decide which would defend the Cup against Britain's *Sceptre*, the most dramatic of the audacious new skippers was a blocky, blue-eyed bandit named Bus Mosbacher.

First Race, First Win. Bus (a contraction of "Buster," the nickname given him by a hospital nurse at birth) has been sailing—in dead earnest—ever since his daddy dropped him into a dinghy at five. Starting from scratch as a messenger boy in a Wall Street brokerage house, Emil Sr. had already climbed so far as an investor that he could buy "Brook Hills," a 43-acre estate in White Plains, N.Y. George Gershwin was a frequent visitor, wrote most of *Porgy and Bess* in a guest cot-

tage tucked away on a corner of the grounds. The Mosbachers wintered comfortably in Palm Beach; summers were given over to sailing on Long Island Sound, first in the family shell boat, and then, when Bus was nine, in his own boat: a Star. That August, with coaching from his father's professional helmsman, he entered his first race—and won. "There was," grins Bus, "only one other boat in the race."

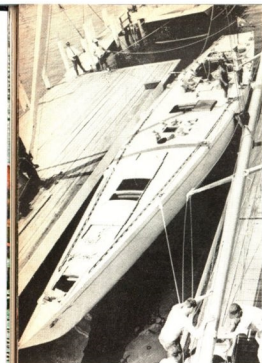
By the time he was 13 and a third-former at the Choate School in Wallingford, Conn., Bus was a familiar, fiercely competitive figure in Star-class races on the Sound. He won the Midget championship in 1935 and 1936, moved up to the Juniors in 1937 and took that national title two years later. "It was obvious from the start," says his father, now 70, "that Bus had what it takes to be a great sailor." When he was only 16, Cornelius ("Corny") Shields asked him to sail on his International Dinghy team—a high honor, indeed, coming from the famous "Grey Fox" of U.S. yachting (*TIME* cover, July 27, 1953). But Emil Sr. felt Bus still had much to learn. "The thing that made me mad was his extreme conservatism—especially with money. I remember once he was racing in the Midget Star class during Manhasset Race Week. I went down to the dock to check out the boat and noticed that his sheets were frayed. He had never even mentioned it to me; hell, I would have been glad to replace them. I got so mad I slashed the sails. That was the last of Manhasset Week for him."

Whenever Bus was racing, supper at the Mosbacher household was a pretty lively affair. "Why did it take two minutes to get the spinnaker up?" Papa would demand. "Why did you tack when you did?" Recalls Bus: "He was most sparing with his compliments. If I pulled a really bad blunder, I would arrange to have dinner with a friend. On one or two occasions I stayed the week-



"AMERICA'S" REPLICA IN NEW YORK HARBOR
What started as a lark.

* The Twelves get their name from a complicated rating formula that takes into consideration length, girth, sail area and freeboard, and after much mathematical hocus-pocus equals 39.37 ft., or twelve meters.



AUSTRALIA'S "DAME PATTIE" AT NEWPORT
Some novel notions of her own.

end." One of Emil Sr.'s concerns was sportsmanship. "He thought it was terrible to file protests," says Bus, "and he always warned me not to get involved in gamesmanship, which was especially prevalent in the '30s."

That accounts for Bus's discomfiture the day when he was 15 and a lass named Ethel crewed for him in a nip-and-tuck race. "The finish was so close I couldn't tell who had won," Bus remembers. "The other fellow called over to the committee boat to find out the results, but I couldn't hear what they told him. So I yelled 'Nice race!' And when he answered 'Thank you,' I assumed he had won. Next thing I knew, Ethel was standing up, shaking her fist

at the committee boat and screaming 'Ya blind bum, ya!' at the top of her lungs." They were some lungs even then. Ethel's last name was Merman. Says Bus: "I sailed away from there just as fast as I could." As it turned out, he was the winner.

No Regrets. Moshbacher graduated *cum laude* from Choate, went on to Dartmouth, where he majored in economics, settled for C's, became known as a deft hand with a bridge deck and dice, and led the varsity sailing club to two straight national intercollegiate championships. Commissioned an ensign in the Navy in 1943, he applied for the Small Craft Training Center in Miami. The Navy, in its infinite wisdom, sent him to radar school instead, but Bus finally wrangled a transfer to the carrier *Liscome Bay*—a transfer that fell through when doctors found he had a hernia. He has no regrets: *Liscome Bay* was later torpedoed off the Gilbert Islands, and went down with most of her crew.

For Bus, the first postwar years were mostly business, buckling down to help his father manage the family millions (real estate, oil, natural gas), sailing only occasionally and then just for fun. When he finally did return to competition in 1949, Bus did it with a broadside: he skipped a 33-ft. International One-Design sloop to victory in the Amorita Cup in Bermuda, then sailed a 6-meter to victory in the British-American Cup at the Isle of Wight. As the song goes, it was a very good year: at a Manhattan cocktail party that September, he met Patricia Ryan, a pretty, dark-haired public relations assistant. "Neither of us ever had another date with anyone else—as far as I know," says Bus. Pat was no sailor, but she set out to learn: 14 months later, she and Bus were married.

Pat did have a little competition from Susan. She was an International-class sloop that Bus sailed in 1950—thereby launching one of the most phenomenal

winning streaks in U.S. yachting history. The International skippers whom Bus took on that summer were the elite of U.S. racing: Arthur Knapp, regarded as the best sailor to windward in the business; Bill Luders, a topnotch helmsman and naval architect; and Shields—the very man who had introduced the International to the U.S. 14 years before.* Bus beat them all—that year, the next, the next, the next, the next, the next, the next, and the next. Since the Internationals are one-design boats, each presumably like all the others, the most distinctive thing about Susan was her skipper, as Moshbacher proved in 1957, when—after clinching his eighth straight championship—he took on Bermuda's best in a two-out-of-three match series for the Prince of Wales Trophy. Rules of the match specified that neither crew could sail its own boat. Given their pick of U.S. boats, they unhesitatingly chose Susan, hoping to annoy Bus. He merely shrugged, closed his eyes, pointed—and sailed whatever boat it was (he does not even remember) to two straight victories.

Find the Heel. By Bus Moshbacher's standards, that match was a mild, gentlemanly affair. Not that Bus isn't a gentleman—which he most certainly is, on land at least. He is an attentive husband, a deeply affectionate father (he usually greets his three boys, who range in age from eleven to 15 with a kiss on the cheek), a loyal friend, a delightful conversationalist. He is the kind of fellow who might take a milkshake instead of a martini, never smokes a cigarette, and always squeezes the toothpaste from the bottom. The worst anyone can say about him is that maybe he isn't quite sloppy enough. Even his smile is nice, a big, shiny perpetual grin. But on a boat, with an opponent to devastate, the smile has a saber-toothed quality about it. "In match racing," says Moshbacher, "the idea is to find your opponent's Achilles' heel—and sink your teeth into it."

Bus's uncanny knack for finding that heel was quickly discovered during the 1958 America's Cup revival, when his superb International-class record won him the helmsman's job on John Matthews' twelve-meter *Vim* in the U.S. elimination trials. Some job. The other three boats in the trials—*Columbia*, *Easterner*, *Weatherly*—were spanking new; *Vim* was a 19-year-old ark, clearly slower than any of her competitors. Incredibly, if a crewman had not set the wrong spinnaker on the last leg of the last race of the final trials, it might very well have been *Vim* instead of Briggs Cunningham's *Columbia* that wiped up Britain's hopeless *Screeper* to retain the Cup. Moshbacher could not make *Vim* fast, but with his immense power of concentration and fanatic at-

SAILOR'S TALK

Windward, the direction from which the wind is blowing. The windward boat gets the wind before its opponent does and is in a generally favorable position.

Leeward, the direction the wind is blowing. Thus the leeward boat is downwind of its opponent.

Jib, a triangular foresail used when sailing into or across the wind.

Spinnaker, a huge, billowing foresail used for sailing downwind.

Sheet, a line used to tighten or slacken the sails.

Halyard, a line used to raise sails.

Stays, wires supporting the mast.

Spreaders, horizontal struts that force the stays out from the mast, thus providing greater support.

Luff, the forward edge of the sail.

To luff is to head the boat directly into the wind, which sets the sails flapping.

Tack, the course a boat is pursuing in terms of the direction from which the wind hits her bow (a boat is on starboard tack if the wind is blowing from the right-hand side, a port tack if from the left-hand side). To tack is to change course while sailing into the wind.

Jibe, to change course while sailing downwind.

Beat, sailing into the wind.

Run, sailing with the wind astern.

Reach, sailing with the wind roughly at a right angle to the boat.

Point, heading as close into the wind as possible without luffing.

* And who now has his own class named after him, the 30-ft. Shields boat, first brought out in 1963 and currently a hot favorite at \$8,000 among sailors, with 147 sold so far.

tention to detail, he certainly made her feisty. He harassed opponents into errors with his ingenious, "tailing starts": laying *Vim's* bow practically on top of their transoms so that they could neither tack nor jibe until *Vim* broke off for the line. If harassment didn't work, he reverted to brute force with a crew that he had honed to perfection. "We initiated some great tacking duels," Bus recalls. "In one race we took 36 tacks on the first windward leg and 20 on the second. That was before the days of linked coffee-grinder winches, and the wind was blowing 19 knots. Our boys were spitting up blood from exhaustion." More important, their opponents were collapsing. Down to that last race against *Columbia* it went. Up went the wrong spinnaker—and *Columbia* became the defender by a margin of twelve sec.

Bus took the defeat in characteristic style—hard and silently. Not since he was a youngster and laced into a neophyte crewman for calling a line a "rope" has anyone seen Bus Moshbacher lose his temper aboard a boat. He rarely even talks above a loud whisper, prefers to give his orders in sign language. But his sense of humor in competition tends to the dry side. "This is no democracy," Bus announced when he was skipping *Weatherly* in the 1962 Cup trials. "However, I do like to hear any well-thought-out, reasonable suggestion. Once," Vig Romagna, *Weatherly's* foredeck boss (and currently second-in-command of *Intrepid*), recalls the day that somebody in his crew dropped a spinnaker over the side. "I rushed aft to get it hauled aboard," he says. "I was feeling terrible. As I passed Bus, he smiled and said: 'Don't jump!'"

Men, Not Machines. For Moshbacher, the 1962 America's Cup defense was 1958 all over again—only with a far more satisfying ending. Tank tests later proved beyond a doubt that Australia's *Gretel* was faster than the four-year-old *Weatherly*. But boats are sailed by men, not laboratory machines. *Gretel* did manage to win one race in the four-out-of-seven series—with the help of a spinnaker snafu on *Weatherly* and a freak wave that sent the Aussie boat

surfing ahead at a crucial moment. But what Bus did to *Gretel's* skipper, Jock Sturrock, in the four races that won *Weatherly* the Cup should not have happened to a kangaroo.

Did Bus ever use his famous "tailing start"? No. Did he deliberately engage *Gretel* in tacking duels? Not on your life: pound for pound, *Gretel's* crewmen were Goliaths compared with *Weatherly's*, and besides, her winches were nearly twice as effective. There were lots of other ways. In one race, Sturrock was coming up fast on a reach, and seemed certain to overtake the slower *Weatherly*. So Moshbacher started changing spinnakers; there was no reason for it, but Sturrock assumed there was, promptly followed suit—and the resulting loss of momentum preserved *Weatherly's* lead and cost *Gretel* the race. In another duel, Bus noticed that whenever Jock actually meant to tack, he grabbed the wheel at the bottom; when he was merely faking, he grabbed it at the side. Bus naturally ignored the false tacks, and with that tactical advantage had no trouble at all beating the Aussie by an incredible 8 min. 40 sec.

When it was all over, Moshbacher announced his retirement from America's Cup racing. "I've had it," he declared. "Never again." He did manage to stay out of the 1964 defense when Bob Bavie in *Constellation* scuttled Britain's *Sovereign* in four straight races; he was still determined to stay ashore when the Australians challenged again this year. Changing his mind was not easy.

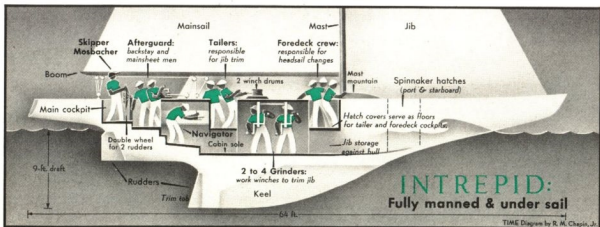
His family and friends were all against another campaign. "I told him not to," says Emil Sr.—and so did most of his friends, who argued that he had nothing to gain, everything to lose. Why risk the chance of going down in yachting annals as the man who finally lost the Cup for the U.S.? But the pressures were strong. For one thing, in 1961 he had become the second member of Jewish ancestry (although he is an Episcopal convert) ever elected to the New York Yacht Club. For another, explains his father, "Bus is extremely patriotic. He's no flag wav-



STEPHENS AT THE TESTING TANK
The shortest, ugliest, most radical ever.

er, but keeping the Cup here is very important to him." Finally, the *Intrepid* syndicate, managed by Philadelphia Banker William Strawbridge, offered him a chance to collaborate from the start with Architect Olin Stephens on the design of the yacht. Bus agreed, and eight models, 35 modifications, 18 months of tank tests and \$750,000 later, *Intrepid* slid down the ways at City Island, N.Y., last April—the shortest (at 64 ft.), homeliest, most radical and most expensive 12-meter yacht ever built.

Keep It Low. Much has been made of *Intrepid's* second rudder, which is actually a "trim tab," similar to an aileron on an airplane and is designed to increase her speed to windward besides making her more maneuverable. A second innovation is her skeg, or "kick-er," an extension of the keel that is supposed to cut down wave turbulence and make her faster yet. But all that is





DINNER AT THE LODGE (BUS IN BACKGROUND)
Honed to an edge on half a Happy Hour.

underwater. What shows above the water line is pretty radical too: a broken-nosed bow, a titanium-tipped mast, a \$22,000 sail inventory that includes a 2,200-sq.-ft. nylon spinnaker that weighs barely 15.8 lbs.—plus the most of Bus Mosbacher, but only bits of anybody else.

The working area of *Intrepid* is Bus's baby. To lower the center of gravity and assure himself a clear view forward, the two linked Graydon-Powell coffee-grinder winches (cost: \$20,000 each) that control the trim of the jib and spinnaker are located below decks—along with at least the bottom half of every crewman except the skipper. Afraid that the eager Aussies might try to duplicate his design, Mosbacher was furious when Architect Stephens allowed a magazine writer to photograph and measure *Intrepid* last spring. "The hull is Olin's," Bus fumed, "but the deck and interior are mine." Says George O'Day, an Olympic champion in 5.5 meters and an *Intrepid* crew member: "You have to understand that this is more than just a race to Bus. *Vim* and *Weatherly* weren't his, but he's been with this boat from the start. *Intrepid* is Bus's own personality."

Judging by *Intrepid*'s performance so far in the elimination trials, the Aussies are in for a bit of heavy weather. Their Twelve, *Dame Pattie*, has some novel features of her own, including a mainsail that is rumored to weigh only $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. per sq. yd.—one-half ounce less than *Intrepid*'s lightest main. She is longer (by more than a foot) and definitely prettier than *Intrepid*, and her keel is nearly three tons lighter. In the Australian elimination trials off Sydney last May, she showed impressive speed and maneuverability under the hand of Mosbacher's old antagonist, Jock Sturrock, leaving *Gretel* wallowing in her wake like a sea turtle.

But Sydney is not Newport, and after watching *Dame Pattie* in U.S. waters against her trial horse, *Neferiti*, most experts do not rate her quite as fast as *Intrepid*. Three weeks ago, Skipper Sturrock had the bad luck to run her aground in Newport Harbor, necessitating repairs to her keel and the underside of her hull. *Intrepid* has had a ration of trouble too: one of her two 1,000-lb. aluminum-titanium masts keeps collapsing at awkward moments. When it toppled for the second time on the New York Yacht Club cruise two weeks ago, it catapulted one crewman overboard and another headfirst down a hatch, narrowly missed crunching Bus Mosbacher's skull.

Even so, the only actual race *Intrepid* has lost all summer came on Long Island Sound in June, when her navigator gave Mosbacher a bum steer—laying a course to the wrong buoy. The boat that won that race was *American Eagle*, skippered by George Hinman, a former commodore of the New York Yacht Club. So *Eagle*'s record against *Intrepid* is comparatively spectacular: one victory, four defeats. *Intrepid* is 4-0 against *Constellation*, the 1964 Cup winner. And she has been equally impressive against the West Coast entry, Pat Dougan's remodeled (at a cost of \$125,000) *Columbia*, the boat that was supposed to give her a run, reach and beat for her money. *Columbia* did not show up for the trials until the action shifted from Long Island Sound to the regular 24.3-mile triangular America's Cup course off Brenton Reef, seven miles south-southeast of Newport. The first time *Columbia* tackled *Intrepid*, she lost by 3 min. 46 sec. Second time round, Mosbacher increased *Intrepid*'s victory margin to 4 min. 38 sec. Score to date: 2-0.

As the final eliminations get under way this week, Bus Mosbacher is tak-

ing no chances on his crew's losing its fighting edge. Breakfast is served at 7:30 in East Bourne Lodge, the mansion on Rhode Island Avenue, which the *Intrepid* syndicate has leased for the summer as a dormitory for Bus and his boys. A cheery "good morning" greets early risers who come to the table fresh from their two-mile run, and something else is in store for the slugabeds who forgot how hard it is to sneak up a gravel driveway at 3 a.m. without waking someone important. The only way to get two cocktails at East Bourne Lodge is to be first in line: Happy Hour lasts only half an hour, and even the ice is rationed. Not that *Intrepid*'s owners are trying to pinch pennies: last week in their haste to get her mast repaired and a new rudder installed, they were paying Newport shipwrights \$12.25 an hour to work straight through the night.


There was no such frenzied activity in the Aussie camp. As a matter of fact, there was positive gloom—after flu knocked out half the crew and two of the healthy ones got into a brawl in a Thames Street rock 'n' roll joint. Figuring that a change of scenery might do wonders for their morale, Skipper Sturrock herded up all his ambulatory Aussies and dragged them off to Montreal to see Expo. The news from home at least was good. All of Australia is pulling for an upset and praying for one—including a tribe of aborigines on Mornington Island in the Gulf of Carpentaria, who have promised to sing a "wind corroboree" for good luck every day that *Dame Pattie* races.

The Aussies have another hope too. Could be that Bus Mosbacher will get seasick—which, at times, he does.

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MILESTONES

Married. Mary Olivia ("Minnie") Cushing, 24, former Girl Friday to Manhattan Fashion Designer Oscar de la Renta and daughter of Newport Socialite Howard G. Cushing; and Peter Hill Beard, 29, a photographer-writer specializing in African conservation (*The End of the Game*) and great-grandson of Railroad Baron James J. Hill, whom she met last year when she hurried to Kenya to care for her father, taken ill on safari; in an Episcopal ceremony followed by a reception for 400 guests; in Newport, R.I.

Married. Vince Edwards, 39, TV's Ben Casey for five years, currently trying it as a nightclub balladeer and Hollywood actor (*Too Late Blues*); and Linda Ann Foster, 23, TV starlet (*Hank*); for the second time; in the Beverly Hills home of Dean Martin, who introduced them at a dinner party last year.

Married. Anthony Bliss, 54, Manhattan attorney and longtime (1956-67) president of the Metropolitan Opera Association, which handles everything except the opera's artistic affairs; and Sally Brayley, 29, soloist in the Met's ballet troupe until last December; he for the third time, she for the second; in her home town, Prince's Lodge, Nova Scotia, on July 24, one month after he was divorced by onetime Actress (*My Sister Eileen*) Jo Ann Sayers, 48, his wife of 26 years.

Died. Matthew R. Goodman, 20, Cornell University senior and only son of Author Paul Goodman, social philosopher (*Growing Up Absurd*, *Compulsory Mis-Education*) and unofficial saint of New Left campus movements; of injuries when he fell from a ledge on New Hampshire's North Percy Peak while on a climbing expedition.

Died. Floyd G. Hoard, 40, solicitor general of northeast Georgia's Piedmont Circuit, a gang-busting state prosecutor elected in 1964 who personally led police on innumerable raids against gambling racketeers, auto thieves and bootleggers, all of whom flourish in his rural district; of injuries from at least six sticks of dynamite wired to his car's ignition; in Jefferson, Ga.

Died. Frank Callan Norris, 60, magazine editor and novelist, a Tennessee Irishman who signed on as a writer for *Time* in 1929, was co-managing editor from 1937 to 1941 (he coined the term *World War II*) before becoming managing editor of the *March of Time* from 1941 to 1946, then joined *Newsweek* as a senior editor and six years later retired to write fiction, producing three novels, including *Tower in the West*, a parable of brotherly love, which won the 1957 Harper novel prize; of a stroke; in Siasconset, Mass.

Died. William Philip Spratling, 66, reviver of Mexico's Taxco silver crafts, a New York-born architect-artist who came across the impoverished, pre-Columbian silver-mining town 70 miles southwest of Mexico City in 1933, stayed on to learn the metalcraft from the few Indian artisans remaining, soon opened his own shop, and spent the rest of his life building the village into a major tourist attraction and its silver-smithies into a business employing 2,950 people; of injuries when his car crashed into an embankment; near Taxco.

Died. Hans Anton Kroll, 69, West German Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1958 to 1962, a feisty career diplomat who in 1950 was chosen by Konrad Adenauer to head an East European trade ministry, got along so well with the Communists that he was posted to Moscow, where his ardent campaign for Russo-German friendship grew so distasteful to Germany's Western allies that *der Alte* finally recalled him; of a heart attack; in Starnberg, West Germany.

Died. Josh Bryan Lee, 75, Oklahoma Democratic Representative (1934-'36) and Senator ('36-'42), chiefly remembered as the state's most skillful spell-binder, with the single exception of Will Rogers, whose eulogy ("His humor... never bit like a wolf, but always like a lamb") he delivered at Rogers' funeral in 1935 and on the House floor; after a long illness; in Norman, Okla.

Died. Willard Monroe Kiplinger, 76, pioneer in the newsletter business, a one-time Associated Press Washington bureau reporter who in 1923 borrowed \$1,000 to start a mimeographed financial and Government tip sheet for businessmen, gradually built his weekly *Washington Letter* to a circulation of 250,000, and added four specialized letters (tax, agriculture, Florida, California—combined circ. 50,000), along with a monthly *Changing Times* magazine (circ. 1,000,000), all serving up more-or-less inside dope written in the skeletal style of telegraph English; of heart disease; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Vittorio Valletta, 84, managing director from 1928 to 1966 of Italy's Fiat, world's fourth-ranking automaker and the country's second biggest private industry, a tiny (5 ft. 1 in.) one-time math professor who signed on in 1921 to help Founder Giovanni Agnelli consolidate World War I growth, deftly steered the company through depression, dictatorship and World War II, then, with organizational genius and Marshall Plan cash, embarked on a vast expansion and diversification program that resulted in \$1.66 billion in sales last year at his retirement; of a stroke; in Marina di Pietrasanta, Italy.

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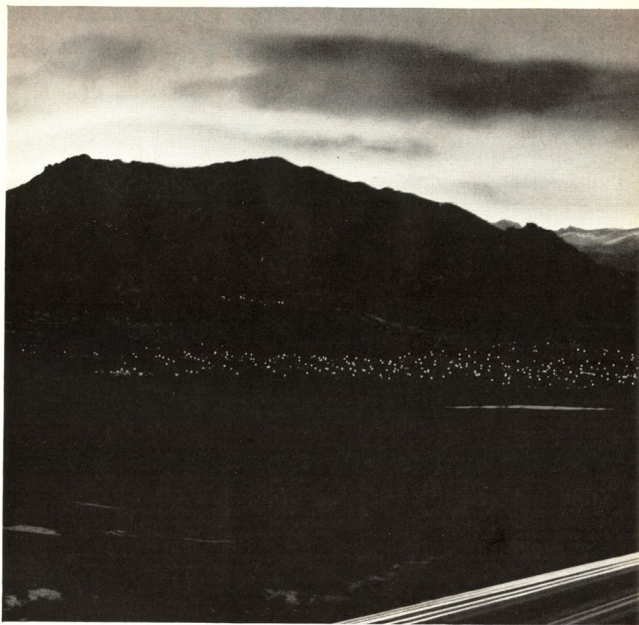
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The city that owns a glacier once had to ration water

It was an irony the people of Boulder, Colorado, faced each drought-ridden summer. Though city-owned Arapaho Glacier added its water to the rain and snow in Boulder watershed, the city itself was in danger of running dry.

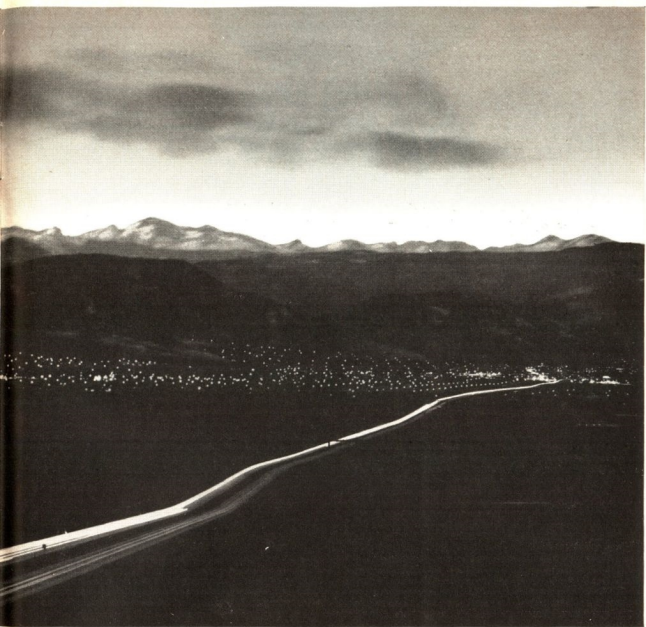
Reasons were easy to find. Boulder, seat of the University of Colorado, had grown from a small college town of 20,000 in 1950 to 38,000 by 1960, was projected at

60,000 by 1970. Water consumption in the '50's alone had increased by 90%.

But Boulder's water system had not kept pace. Though peak daily consumption in the summer of '60 ran as high as 24 million gallons a day, the city's single transmission line—built 40 years before—could safely deliver no more than 18 million gallons daily. The drain on Boulder's three small reservoirs was

critical. In summertime, water rationing was routine.

Civic leaders knew that action was needed—urgently! Despite the failure of a water bond issue to win voter approval in 1959, they determined to try again. Without additional water supplies, increased storage facilities and a second transmission line, it was clear that Boulder's economic growth would be stunted, and even its present well-being threatened.



Community leaders, City Council and the Boulder newspaper mounted a massive voter education program to inform Boulder residents of the importance of water and the immediate need for water improvements. Committees were organized, speeches made, brochures issued.

When the referendum was held in the Spring of '61, voters, despite rainy weather, turned out in record numbers to approve the \$4 million

water bond issue by a vote of better than 2½ to 1.

Construction began on a 50-million-gallon underground pipeline and temporary storage was acquired in a private reservoir. Work will soon be completed enlarging the biggest lake in the watershed by an additional 2200 acre-feet of water.

With adequate water now assured, Boulder's prosperity increased dramatically. New businesses moved

into the area. Employment since 1960 jumped 12,000, and local payrolls have more than doubled.

But many parts of America still have inadequate water—or soon will. By 1980 we'll need twice as much as we're using now. Find out how you can help your community—and yourself—by sending for "It's Time We Face America's Water Problem," Dept. T-57, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.

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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Bob Cratchit Hours

On Wall Street, 1967 may well be remembered as the year of the brokerage-house Bob Cratchits. Responding to brokers' cries that their clerical ranks were folding under the paperwork generated by this year's unprecedented pace of trading, governors of the New York Stock Exchange last week held an emergency Monday meeting, ordered a "temporary" shortening of daily trading sessions from the normal 5½ hours to four hours. The shorter hours, which are scheduled to continue through this week, were matched by the Big Board's smaller Manhattan neighbor, the American Stock Exchange, as well as the nation's seven regional exchanges.

As the change went into effect, the Big Board's outgoing president, G. Keith Funston, warned brokers that they would have to start staying after school. "We are expecting our members," he said, "to use this period of curtailed trading hours to concentrate on clearing up the existing problem."

Traffic Jam. The problem is the result of volume that has a big plus side in rich brokerage commissions. Compared with last year's record average of 7,500,000 shares a day, trading on the Big Board has surged to a dizzying 10 million shares a day—a level that the exchange just two years ago predicted would not be reached until 1975. The current crisis—and brokers' calls for relief—peaked two weeks ago, when the Big Board shuddered to two 13 million-plus share days in a single exhausting week (TIME, Aug. 11).

As an unwanted result, said one Manhattan broker, paperwork in brokerage firms was backed up "like the Long Island Expressway in rush hour."

The traffic is piling up in the brokers' "back offices," where batteries of clerks clear transactions and update customer accounts. When the surge in trading volume turned into a tidal wave, a number of understaffed brokerages were soon trying to explain delays and trying to do something about botched paperwork. At Philadelphia's small Gerstley, Sunstein & Co., Partner Thomas McCann is finding that staffers who have been putting in 15-hour stints "can't do this day after day without a degree of fatigue and a rising incidence of errors." At Manhattan's big Bache & Co., Vice President William Carey says that a second clerical shift hired by the company last fall "has been our savior."

Nowhere has the back-office bottleneck grown more painfully acute than in the so-called "cashiers' cages," where mountainous sheaves of stock certificates are received, sorted and delivered each day. Coming in all sizes and formats, the certificates so far defy automation's demand for uniformity, and so arcane is the art of shuffling them among brokerage houses and customers that experienced clerks are prized people who can earn five-figure incomes.

Not only are cashiers in short supply; banks that act as transfer agents have sometimes run out of certificate blanks for certain actively traded companies. "It's getting to the point," says one executive at Merrill Lynch, Pierce,



BACHE CLERK SORTING STOCK CERTIFICATES

Backed up like the Expressway.

Fenner & Smith, the nation's largest brokerage house, "where we just can't get our hands on the securities we buy and sell."

Sooner v. Later. Brokers expect to get some relief when a central certificate system is set up, possibly next year. That will enable transactions to be recorded at a single data-processing center and eliminate the need for physically transferring securities each day. Another possibility, though still a long way off, is a standardized stock certificate that could carry magnetized data and be read by machine the way bank checks are.

In all likelihood, the market will force such changes sooner rather than later. Although trading on the Big Board dipped slightly to 8,970,000 shares during the first of the short sessions, it was right back up to 10.1 million shares the next day.

BANKING

The \$1,000,000 Misunderstanding

In 41 years as a roving loan officer for the First National Bank of Boston, Serge Semenko doctored many an ailing corporation back to health with heavy doses of credit. Rarely, if ever, did the bank lose money on his risky loans. Thus, when Semenko, 63, retired last month as vice chairman and head of First National's "special industries" division, the Brahmins he had worked for made appropriate farewells. The bank and its directors, said Chairman Roger Damon, "look forward to a continuing relationship."

Last week it looked as though Damon's *vale* had held a double meaning: there was an unsolved matter of \$1,000,000 and who it belonged to. Semenko was out of touch on a yacht cruising the Mediterranean, but from Boston came word that he had agreed to turn over to the bank a \$1,000,000 fee due him over a ten-year period for "special services" to Moviemaker Jack L. Warner. One such service: arranging the sale last year of Warner's stock in Warner Bros. Pictures Inc. to Seven Arts Productions Ltd., which Semenko made possible with a \$19.5 million loan to Seven Arts from a syndicate of First National and four other lenders.

A successful banker, Semenko is also a controversial one. He has been criticized in the industry and in Washington for investing in such firms as Curtis Publishing Co. personally while doctoring them professionally. He has also been castigated for borrowing from charitable foundations to finance personal investments. Ethics aside, there was presumably nothing illegal about such transactions, nor in the \$1,000,000 fee. But when First National opened an investigation, Semenko promptly agreed to turn the fee over to the bank because, said an associate, "it had become an issue and because he has the bank's best interests at heart." First National, which still might not get its money if Semenko were to tear up his contract with Warner, nevertheless seemed satisfied. President Richard Hill said that the investigation "found nothing to violate bank policies, and the matter is closed."

COMPUTERS

The "Software" Snarl

The computer is running into trouble—because of shortcomings in man, not in the machine. In just two decades, the electronic marvels have grown so complex and intricate to operate that man is hard put to maintain the proper control. The problem is one of telling the machines what to do and how to do it—through an arcane short-

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NEW YORK NEWSPAPER AD

Some say art, some say black magic.

hand of codes, languages, programs and systems known as computer "software."

The software snarl is worsening despite gargantuan outlays to end it. In the \$6 billion electronic data-processing market, more money will be spent this year on software than on computers themselves. Yet the most versatile computers are forced increasingly to perform well below their potential. Even the costliest (\$160,000 a month rent) computer cannot store data, sort out information or solve problems without precise and detailed guidance. For some of the latest "third generation" computers, such programs require 1,000,000 hand-devised computations. If any one of them is wrong, or if the programmer overlooks something, the computer eventually will make a costly mistake or quit functioning.

When somebody in the Army Reserve's computerized data bank in St. Louis goofed not long ago, for instance, some 200 New York State Reservists were ordered to two weeks' active duty in Wisconsin—to the complete surprise of the Pentagon. Last May, the New York Stock Exchange's \$6,000,000 computer-fed ticker tape broke down for 3 1/2 hours because of a loophole in the process by which Wall Street's most sophisticated computer ordinarily detects errors in punched cards feeding it new information. With the electronic system jammed, the Big Board hastily switched to its old methods of recording stock transactions by hand.

Bonuses for Piracy. Complicating the difficulties in devising programs is a growing shortage of programmers. At least 100,000 men and women are now busy giving instructions to the nation's 37,000 digital computers, but another 50,000 such jobs are going begging. Computer makers are producing the equipment faster than the industry can train such specialists. Moreover, computer users fault many specialized schools for accepting pupils with no aptitude for the job and for turning out unqualified graduates. "If we were to have no advance in hardware for five years," says President Walter F. Bauer of Informatics Inc., a Los Angeles firm

specializing in software problems, "the programs would just be catching up to the capabilities of the machines."

In the scramble for manpower, want-ad columns bulge with invitations to housewives and high school graduates to take up programming. Corporations shamelessly pirate each other's help, then pump captured employees for names of more candidates for raiding. Specialized recruiting firms have sprung up collecting bonuses of up to \$2,000 per programmer. The competition has put programming among the U.S.'s best-paid technical occupations. Qualified persons with computer training can land \$7,000-a-year jobs; the pay goes to \$10,000 after two years, and a five-year veteran (at age 25 or so) will often draw \$14,000. Top creative experts may earn \$22,000 and up.

Wayward Slobs. Many programmers are fractious fellows who delight in disdaining the button-down graces of corporate life, such as wearing a necktie to work. "We give management a hard time," says Programmer Armin Bendiner, 27, of Washington, D.C. "They're annoyed because they're at the mercy of us wayward slobs."

Clannish, often introverted, programmers labor over problems that demand logical thinking (though not necessarily mathematical background) and painstaking attention to detail—yet defy solution by any standard or scientifically disciplined approach. "Some call it an art and some call it black magic," says A. W. Carroll, RCA's manager of systems programming. Whatever it is, the talent is scarce enough that many companies show great tolerance for "wild ducks." "I overcame my prejudice against working for IBM," says full-bearded Manhattan Computer Expert Larry Josephson, 28, "when I was interviewed by a man dressed in a musty old suit and tennis shoes. We just talked about drinking and sex."

The software snarl caught computer manufacturers underprepared, partly because the uses of computers proliferated beyond expectations and partly because the third-generation machines required wholly new and vastly more complicated programs than earlier models. "Sometimes," says Executive Vice President Paul Rice of Chicago's Daniel D. Howard Associates, "people who rushed to get a computer have spent three desperate years trying to utilize it."

The Logic Factories. One consequence of such snags is the swift rise of software service and consulting companies, which offer high-level technical support, such as systems design or programming to meet individual specifications. By one estimate, there are now some 2,500 of these logic factories, the bulk of them one- to three-man shops. At least two dozen are publicly owned corporations. The largest, Los Angeles' Computer Sciences Corp., has grown from a two-man firm in 1959 into a \$37 million-a-year enterprise with 2,500 employees and 156 customers.

Some time in the '70s, most com-

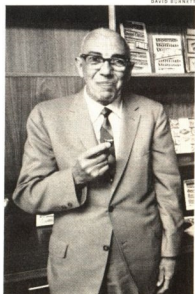
puter men predict, today's software knot should be untangled, partly by a vast expansion of computer schools and partly by more automation. Computer companies are straining to concoct programs that write other programs. Thus they foresee the day when a few standardized reels of tape will begin to replace programmers at the simpler levels. Still, few in the industry expect competent technicians to face unemployment. If today's pattern holds, every new triumph in computer technique will only fortify the demand for wider applications. The saturation point for computers is as yet nowhere in sight.

CANDY

Mounds of Joy

Few businessmen switch jobs as drastically as Austin R. Zender, 63, who describes himself as "a metal man by profession and a candy man by design." Ending a long and successful career as president of Bridgeport Brass Co. and later as head of National Distillers & Chemical Corp. when the two merged, Zender postponed retirement to become head of a confectionary company on whose board he had sat since 1954. Under his aggressive leadership, Peter Paul Inc. has taken over a position among the leaders of the nation's \$1.4 billion candy business.

Peter Paul, as any sweet-toothed tot knows, makes a bar of chocolate, coconut, corn syrup and sugar known as Mounds and another, with almonds added, called Almond Joy. What the kids may not care about is that Mounds and Almond Joy outsell even the Hershey bar among 10¢ candies. On the basis of these two products, Peter Paul Inc.—named for one of a group of Armenian immigrants who organized the company in 1919—made its way



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August 9, 1967.

for years in a prosperous but unpretentious way. "They were a nice little business," says Zender today, "but they were reluctant to move ahead."

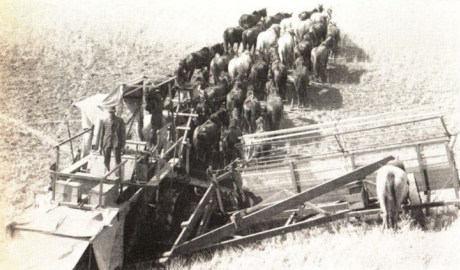
Then, 20 months ago, Zender was persuaded by growth-minded directors to become chief executive, along with the chairman's post he already held. Zender has stirred Peter Paul's corporate structure as thoroughly as the chocolate in its giant kettles. He took flying tours from the home office in Naugatuck, Conn., to plants in Salinas, Calif., Frankfort, Ind., and Dallas. In Dallas he discovered "an unhappy plant" because workers did not like the cafeteria menu and the manager refused to change it; Zender changed both

AGRICULTURE

Toward the Square Tomato

Across Iowa's corn country, huge machines with anteater snouts gulp the ears off 8-ft.-high cornstalks, an instant later spit golden kernels into self-contained bins. In California, packing machines out in the fields seal freshly picked lettuce heads in plastic, drop them into cardboard boxes, then discharge the boxes ready for market. On farms in the Southwest, machines work the fields with surgical precision, injecting minuscule broccoli seeds one by one into the soil at measured intervals. And on even the rockiest farmland, plows dig freely across the fields, the

DETHMANN ARCHIVE



THIRTY-HORSEPOWER WHEAT HARVESTER IN OREGON (1880)

Profit equals volume, and volume equals acreage, and acreage means machinery.

the menu and the manager, brags that "now it is a happy plant." He and President Lloyd W. Elston, 40, met with independent candy salesmen whom Peter Paul's management had previously avoided, nearly doubled the advertising budget to \$500,000 a year.

Peter Paul's sales and earnings reacted nicely. They went up even faster when Zender acquired for \$3,000,000 the Walter H. Johnson Candy Co. of Chicago and its Power House bar and then, last year, introduced a new bar called Caravelle. Last month Zender reported sales of \$58,564,000 for the company's fiscal year, a 14% increase, and earnings of \$4,282,000.

The candy industry, made up of small, struggling companies, is astir with mergers and sellouts, and Peter Paul has become a key target. "We've had feelers from food, tobacco and cosmetic companies," says Zender. Not interested, Zender is looking for acquisitions himself, planning foreign expansions and developing seven new candy bars. For Peter Paul, the future can be described by the company slogan: "Indescribably Delicious."

threat of grinding halts eliminated by hydraulic systems that deftly trip the blades over hidden stumps and stones.

The U.S. farmer now makes up only 7% of the nation's labor force, but he has more than compensated for his dwindling numbers. Advances in crop biology, fertilizers and the like have helped. But, in basic terms, it is the powerful, ingenious array of new machinery (see color pages) that has enabled the American farmer to harvest an undreamed-of abundance.

An hour of farm labor produces more than six times as much as it did in 1920. Per-acre crop production is up by 80%. Output per breeding animal has doubled. In the 1960s alone, productivity of the average farm worker has increased by 6% a year v. only 3% for other workers. Total farm production, the Agriculture Department estimated last week, will set a new record this year (one result being lower grain prices on the nation's commodities market). With the average farm laborer producing enough food and fiber for 39 people, the American farmer not only overfeeds and overclothes the U.S.

but holds out the vision that expanding technology can eliminate the threat of famine in underdeveloped lands as well.

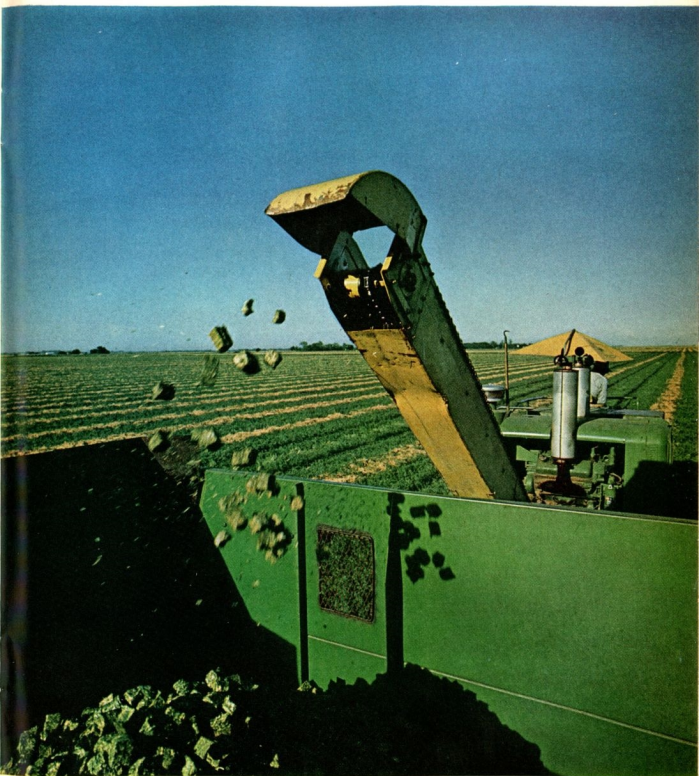
Bumper Crop. The nation's 3,200,000 farms make up its No. 1 industry, with assets totaling \$273 billion, a \$20 billion chunk of it tied up in machinery so costly that, as Federal Reserve Bank Agricultural Economist Roby Sloan notes, "those without the managerial capacities, or who couldn't get financing, have had to move off the farm." As more marginal, hard-scrabble farmers give up and flock to the cities, the spreads that remain are getting bigger. The average farm, just 175 acres back in 1940, now covers 359 acres, and will probably grow to 600 acres by 1980. To make a profit, says Ken Bush, 34, a Milan, Ill., farmer with \$80,000 worth of gear, "you have to have the volume. To have volume you have to have large acreage. To have the acreage, you have to have the machinery."

The machines that make the modern farm hum range from manure spreaders that cost \$600 to 13-ton tractors selling for \$36,000. Three-fourths of all farms now have at least one tractor, and some have a dozen or more; back in 1952 there were tractors on only 47% of all U.S. farms. While the tractor remains the mainstay—some 5,000,000 are in use on today's farms—the agricultural arsenal also includes 880,000 grain combines, 775,000 hay balers, 655,000 corn pickers and shellers. Virtually all of the nation's wheat, corn and sugar beets are now harvested by machine. So are most soybeans, oats, cotton and hay.

All this adds up to a \$3.8 billion-a-year bumper sales crop for the nation's 1,600 farm-machinery makers, especially for the handful of big, "full-line" manufacturers that together account for nearly two-thirds of all equipment sales. The largest of these are Deere & Co. and International Harvester, each of whose annual farm-equipment sales hover around the \$900 million mark. The next biggest is not a U.S. company, but Massey-Ferguson Ltd., a Toronto-based giant (1966 farm-equipment sales: \$726 million) that sells 41% of its products in the U.S. With other full-line companies like Allis-Chalmers and J. I. Case also in the running, the race for customers is keenly competitive. One reason, notes Deere Marketing Vice President E. W. Ukkelberg, is that the American farmer has always been "one of the shrewdest buyers in the country."

Power & Comfort. Equipment is generally getting bigger and more powerful, with the average farm tractor now boasting 65 h.p. v. 27 h.p. in 1950. The increased power enables farmers to pull bigger implements, cover broader swaths, move faster across the fields. At the same time, there is more emphasis on comfort. Combines and tractors are now available with roomy, enclosed cabs featuring such luxuries as heaters, air conditioning, radios, tinted

NEW MACHINES ON THE FARM



Looking like a friendly Brontosaurus, this hay-cuber made by John Deere scoops up alfalfa in Woodland, Calif., chops it fine, compresses the mash into bite-size cubes. The cubes are easier to handle than bales, and cattle like their size, eat more, get fatter.

JON DRENNIS

20M GREENS



Silhouetted against the evening sky on a hillside in Walla Walla, Wash., are three FMC combines designed for green peas or beans. The machines pick up windrows of vines, drop the shelled peas or beans in built-in hopper, scatter the pods and vines back on the field to turn into humus.



With its formidable steel teeth, this Deere combine can pick, husk and shell 500 bu. of corn an hour. Since it outmodes the horse, it allows much closer planting than traditional 40-in. spacing of horse-powered days.



BROCK ROBERTS—RAPHO GILLUMETTE

Right in the wake of reapers cutting winter wheat on President's Island, Tenn., Case's chisel planter cuts furrow for new

seed (soybeans in this case), drops in fertilizer and closes the furrow. Machine does in one pass what mostly takes four.

BROCK ROBERTS—RAPHO GILLUMETTE





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE BRENNER

On a tilted California field, International Harvester's hill-side combine comfortably crops and grinds barley at an angle that conventional machinery cannot manage.

Like some monstrous insect, this Bean sprayer douses apricot trees in San Jose, Calif., with insecticide. Machine's 40 nozzles can deliver 100 gal. per minute.



glass, cushioned seats—and even automatic transmissions.

While machinery has eliminated plenty of agricultural jobs, sometimes it works the other way around, with labor shortages causing "forced mechanization." In the case of tomatoes, field workers, turning from arduous stoop work to higher-paying jobs in town, were becoming scarce even before the first mechanical tomato harvester appeared on the market in 1960. At Woodland, Calif., Farmer Bernell Harlan, 60, is part owner of a pair of \$22,000 tomato harvesters, goes so far as to credit the machine with "saving the tomato industry for California."

It is with California-style fruits and vegetables that the boldest technological advances are likely to appear next. Scientists at the University of California at Davis have developed a lettuce picker with a sensing mechanism that "feels" each lettuce head to determine if it is ready for harvest. Similarly, an asparagus harvester is electronically activated only by stalks of the proper shape and size. For such products as apricots and olives, engineers are experimenting with shaking-and-catching devices already in use on prunes, peaches and apples; a mechanical arm clutches the tree and shakes it until the fruit drops into a canvas catching frame.

In some cases, new machinery will dictate the size and kind of food that Americans eat. In trying to develop a mechanical strawberry harvester, Oregon State University scientists are experimenting with 6,000 varieties of berry to find one suitable for machine picking. The impact of mechanization is such, predicts International Harvester Economist Dr. L. S. Fife, that crops failing to lend themselves to mechanization "will cease to exist as common commodities. They will become delicacies obtainable only at high cost through scarce hand labor."

To Plow with Sound. Nostalgists still mourn for the days when most farm chores were handled by horses instead of horsepower, by men instead of machines. As Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman recently noted, they fear that the trend toward automation "will excise the soul from farming, destroy its joy, dull its satisfactions and chill the ageless intimacy between man and his land." This view notwithstanding, most farmers welcome machine-age relief from what Dr. Joseph Ackerman, managing director of Chicago's Farm Foundation, calls "farming by hunch and the Farmer's Almanac."

The day is approaching—"closer than you think," says Deere's Research and Development Chief Gordon Millar—when farmers will cultivate the soil with inaudible sound waves, work fields by computer-controlled programs, use television to monitor their remote-controlled machines. Another phenomenon in the not too distant future is square tomatoes, which, after all, could be more easily packaged by machine—and fit better in sandwiches.

CORPORATIONS

Young Man & the Women

In mid-Manhattan, Broadway and Seventh Avenue run side by side and at one point intermingle. So do the ideals of their denizens, to the extent that Seventh Avenue, capital of the garment industry, is almost as much show biz as Broadway. Thus this week Garment Manufacturer Richard Schwartz, the young (28) president of Jonathan Logan Inc., flies west for road-show tryouts of his new knit line. Schwartz will see what sells best among buyers in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dallas and Chicago, get his stitchers busy for what he hopes will be a long run in his New York showrooms. In the \$30 billion garment industry, where the life of the average women's-wear company is

a blend of old and new, noise and quiet, Richard Schwartz, a bachelor who studied at Cornell ('60), rides to the hounds and plays chess, gives division managers authority on everything from design to advertising, while he concentrates on finances, futures and foul-ups. His father, who prefers bridge and gin rummy, has moved up to the largely honorary job of chairman, though he personally runs the pioneer division of the corporation that markets the Jonathan Logan juniors and roams through the showrooms to gloat over styles and glower at salesmen. "Now I'm 65," he says, "it gives me a place to go."

Schwartz Jr. makes lunchtime appearances before such groups as the New York Society of Security Analysts, keeps track of his business with an IBM 360 computer. Schwartz Sr.



DAVID SCHWARTZ



SON RICHARD & JONATHAN LOGAN FASHIONS

Good thing they didn't take the cash.

no more than three years, a long run means one successful season.

Fiscal & Physical. Success has become a habit with Jonathan Logan. The firm is the nation's largest dressmaker, with anticipated 1967 sales of \$210 million. And Richard Schwartz, since succeeding his father in 1964 as chief executive officer, has emerged as the David Merrick of the business. The twelve divisions that make up his organization provide a dress for just about any figure, fiscal as well as physical.

The original Jonathan Logan line, established 27 years ago by Father David, leads the junior market with bright styles that sell for as little as \$15 and never exceed \$30. Fast-changing junior styles represent about 40% of the firm's business. The rest, carrying such labels as R & K, Butte Knit and Amy Adams, are for non-juniors, who are apt to spend more—up to \$80 in the Logan line—and expect less radical season-to-season change. The line also includes bathing suits (Rose Marie Reid and Beach Party), blouses (Alice Stuart) and rainwear (Misty Harbor for women, Harbor Master for men).

Like the garment district itself, Jonathan Logan Inc. (a name coined by David Schwartz, who liked its tone) is

enjoys a quick hamburger for lunch, puts less faith in the computer than in a loose-leaf reorder book that is always at hand. The two invariably have Monday-night dinner at the older Schwartzes' Fifth Avenue apartment.

"For My Children's Sake." The combination makes a profitable pattern. A decline in sportswear sales last year left many a women's-wear company swathed in red; nearest sportswear competitor Bobbie Brooks Inc., for one, ended its year with \$126,700,000 in sales but a \$1,265,000 loss. Jonathan Logan earned \$10 million, or 5.4%, on sales of \$185 million, a figure that Richard Schwartz intends to double. For the seventh consecutive time since 1960, when Jonathan Logan received its listing (JOL) on the New York Stock Exchange, the sales total was a record.

Schwartz Jr. and Sr. expect to keep things that way. Ten years ago, the older Schwartz says, he almost sold out to Glen Alden Corp. "For my children's sake," he recalls, "I decided not to take the cash on the last day." And a good thing he did. Since then, Jonathan Logan has grown so big that it can even dictate to its customers, on some hot-selling lines insists on minimum orders of \$5,000.

WORLD BUSINESS

BRITAIN

Lord Coal's Role

Few other positions in business can match the chairmanship of Britain's huge National Coal Board, held for six years by blunt, ebullient Baron Robens of Woldingham, 56. "Lord Coal" or "Honest Alf," as he is known to Britons, runs a mammoth operation that has a work force (420,000) twice the size of the British army, ranks No. 3 on *FORTUNE's* list of the 200 biggest non-U.S. companies. Because the com-



ROBENS INSPECTING SCOTTISH PIT
Ready to go down with the tip.

pany has been nationalized since 1947, the N.C.B. chairman is also a political appointee serving at the pleasure of the government. So last week, when the politically charged issue of last fall's Aberfan "coal tip" disaster broke into the headlines once again, all Britain debated the fate of old Lord Coal.

"Dear Alf." The controversy erupted when a government tribunal issued a long-awaited report on the catastrophe, in which 144 died when a water-weakened tip suddenly slid down its precarious mountainside site. In 151 emotion-charged pages, the report told a "terrifying tale of bungling ineptitude," scoured the National Coal Board for neglecting "the stability of tips," cited seven N.C.B. staffers (all of whom have been shifted to new jobs) as "blameworthy." Lord Robens himself got off with only a sharp rebuke for having insisted that the company "could not have known" of trouble in the tip.

Even so, Britons quickly took sides on Lord Coal's role. In an editorial

headlined "A Damning Indictment," the London Financial Times argued for what it called "the honorable tradition that whenever a disaster occurs the man in command should go." Not so, snapped Sir Miles Thomas, who had been head of BOAC when the early Comet jet airliners were crashing. "I wouldn't resign," said he. "I'd see it through and make sure everything possible was done to see that it never happened again." A letter from former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who tapped Robens for the N.C.B. job in 1961, told "Dear Alf" that "the test comes when things go badly—all the more galling when it really isn't our fault but just bad luck."

Nevertheless, three days after the report came out, Robens turned in his resignation, saying that while "the doctrine of ministerial responsibility does not strictly apply" in his case, "I follow its rules." The government promptly announced that it would sit on the resignation, at least until the N.C.B. had finished its own report on measures to prevent future disasters. If Robens was to be the Aberfan scapegoat, he now stood as something of a martyr—and to many Britons the government seemed to be playing politics by delaying his exit. Robens seemed to agree: he promptly set to speeding up the N.C.B. report.

"Pick Your Pit." Robens' resignation, if it goes through as expected, will mark the end of a relatively bright era in one of Britain's most beleaguered industries. A loud Lancashire socialist with a promising future in the Labor Party when Tory Macmillan chose him for the chairmanship, Alf Robens took the job only, or so he said, because he did not want it to go to "Lord Montgomery or someone like that." For all his socialist background, Robens was made a baron in 1961, and soon showed a gifted eye for profit. By closing down unprofitable collieries and pushing mechanization, he helped the industry into the black in 1962 for the first time in six years.

Coal, to be sure, is back in the red, partly because the government's deflationary "squeeze" has postponed a needed price increase, partly because a slow drift of workers away from the mines has caused a dip in production. Hoping to encourage remaining workers to move to more productive mines, Robens has begun an imaginative all-expense-paid "pick-your-pit" program. He sneers at competition from other fuels, recently dismissed the promise of North Sea gas as merely "an old flame tarted up in a miniburner." Such bravado delights Britons, even if few believe the lord's prediction that, with future economies, coal, which supplied 90% of Britain's fuel needs in 1950, can keep its current 64% share.

HONG KONG

As Usual

After three months of Communist harassment, general strikes and riots, business in Hong Kong goes on as usual. There has been virtually no physical damage to mercantile property in the British crown colony. There are no bombed-out stores, no burned and looted buildings, no factories wrecked by sabotage. Taking stock, most firms have found that they have lost only a day or two of production time during the entire affair.

Exports continued to increase in June, up 22% compared with 1966, and well in line with the average monthly step-ups during the first half of 1967. During the worst rioting, the Hong Kong dollar dropped slightly, from 5.74 to the U.S. dollar to 6, but it has recovered since. Chinese businessmen have not left the colony, though some 30,000 Hong Kong Chinese applied for Taiwan visas, and thousands more plan to move to Canada or Singapore should the Reds move to take over.

Capital transfers out of the colony, mainly by some wealthy Chinese, are estimated at \$66 million in May and June—a mere 4% of the total currency and bank deposits. Many businessmen find comfort in the fact that most firms could move out lock, stock and barrel with little trouble at all, if need be. It is a fact of Hong Kong business life that factory machinery has long been designed for easy loading aboard ships. Business has always been transacted in Hong Kong with an eye to quick returns and with relatively little capital tied down in buildings and such. Factories are expected to return their investment in four years, apartment houses in five to six years.

The astonishing resistance of the Hong Kong business community is based on the fairly widespread belief that for Peking, economic benefits of earning more than \$400 million a year of hard currency by trading with the crown colony will continue to outweigh an easy political victory. Even so, long-term reaction to the disturbances may affect the colony adversely. Of critical importance is investors' confidence in the future. A free market in foreign exchange and fine banking facilities, plus few government restrictions, still make Hong Kong a tempting place to do business. On the other hand, how long will that last if the Communist Chinese decide to take over? A key test of confidence will come at the end of next January, with the Chinese New Year. On that occasion it is traditional for Chinese businessmen to settle their debts. If Hong Kong businessmen pay up, China-watchers say, they will be announcing their confidence in the colony's future. If they don't, watch out.

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BOOKS

Nicky & Alicky

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA by Robert K. Massie. 584 pages. Atheneum, \$10.

When Alexander Kerensky proposed a measure to abolish the death penalty in Russia, Czar Nicholas II was opposed to the notion. What would become of discipline in the army, he wanted to know? Kerensky, who was a bit of a fusspot but a far more decent man than any of the Bolsheviks who replaced him, tried gently to explain to the last of the Romanovs that the law he proposed was designed to preserve the Czar's own life.

Nicky was unimpressed. He was as prepared as any other Russian to lay down his life for his country. He did; but that his death improved the morale of the troops has yet to be shown.

This anecdote, with its human pathos and maddening Slavic logic (psychologic would be a better term), is one that epitomizes the virtues of Robert K. Massie's book on the tragic couple who presided as semidivine personages over the geographical-mystical entity known as the Russian Empire.

Hard Luck. Massie, a Rhodes scholar and freelance journalist, will probably distress academic historians by his abstention from heavy ideological expositions—and by his brisk prose. His plain thesis is that the murder of Nicholas and Alexandra put the seal of irrevocability on the Bolsheviks' successful putsch against the infant Kerensky government. Both events are traced more to Nicholas' hard luck than to any concatenation of inevitable historical forces—a Marxist theory that 50 years of propaganda have almost conned the West into accepting.

As seen by Massie, the Romanovs' 300 years' rule was doomed by the Czar's hemophilia: it put the imperial pair in the oily hands of Rasputin, whose prayers they believed would heal their more than fragile son Alexis. Rasputin not only destroyed the morale of the aristocracy, he also made it impossible for Nicholas to heed sensible advice until it was too late. And he fatally fractured the image of the Czar in the mind of the masses. The imperial pair saw a calumniated saint in Rasputin; the people, in the words of a monarchist member of the Duma, saw "the beastly, drunken unclean face of a bald satyr from Tobolsk."

The Innocents. The old sinister horror movie of Rasputin has had many reruns. What is new about the Massie version is the credible manner in which he puts the obscene Rasputin goings-on into the context of the Romanov court—at once bizarre and simple, familiar and ceremonious—fatally rooted in the half-barbaric system of old Muscovy.

Despite their nurture in the sophisticated international society of Euro-



CZAR NICHOLAS II & WIFE (C. 1905)
Vision of a calumniated saint.

pean royalty, Nicky and Alicky were innocents. They remained innocents to the end. Nicky could have been taken for the twin of his cousin George, Duke of York, who, as heir to the crown of Great Britain, had better luck; he was never worshiped and he died in bed. The young Nicky was fond of uniforms and noisy parades, generous with sapphire bracelets for a ballerina in St. Petersburg. There was nothing to warn him of the gruesome shape of things to come but a swipe on the scalp by a sword-swinging Japanese madman at the end of a leisurely grand tour. Alicky was Princess Alexandra of Hesse-Darmstadt, favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria—the matchmaking old matriarch of half the reigning families of Europe.

The match she made in 1894 between Nicky and Alicky would have

been a happy one, had they not received the vast, ramshackle Russian Empire as a wedding present. His father, Czar Alexander, died at 49, and care-free Nicky, who had expected that papa had another 20 years of healthy despotism ahead, had to fill his big boots. Mourning marred the sumptuous Orthodox wedding, and worse was to come. At war with Japan in 1905, Nicky sent the Russian Baltic battle fleet lumbering round the world, but it was sunk in 45 minutes at Tsushima. What Nicky called the "monkeys" (he had never forgiven that slice on the scalp) had defeated mighty Russia.

Toy World. Nicky was the Czar, but the official classes and the police governed. At the center of the administrative web, Nicky and Alicky lived in a cocoon of preposterous protocol unchanged in a single item since Catherine the Great. Of pogroms and general misery, Nicky knew only what he was told. Of the good features of Russian life—the upsurge of national genius in fiction, poetry and science—he knew little, and what little he did know he did not like. His sole success was in contriving some sort of private life for himself and Alicky. At Czarskoe Selo (the Czar's village), the Romanovs had contrived a sort of toy world, protected from the real one by a high iron fence and 5,000 guardsmen. Here Nicky and Alicky lived their simple domestic idyll.

One unpleasant feature was the omnipresent police spies among the innumerable servants—a part of the monarchical system that the Bolsheviks have enthusiastically retained. And there was Rasputin. The people might not have grudging the Czar his splendor, but Rasputin was too much. Through his infatuation with the dirty monk, Nicky was finally severed from the people who he believed worshiped him.

Only a Tolstoy could do justice to the domestic story of Nicky and Alicky—its innocence, affections and jumble of family emotions. Only a Dostoevsky could do justice to the story of the Romanovs and Rasputin. Author Massie's history covers two terrible decades in European history and recreates the doomed Romanovs with admirable clarity. The icons have gone, but a sad faded photograph remains.

Did He?

DEATH KIT by Susan Sontag. 311 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.75.

Sultry Susan Sontag, 34, is a lady literary light who turned on four years ago with a flood of essays—on Lévi-Strauss and Camus, on blue movies and happenings. They showed a clear, candid mind, especially quick at spotting new trends. Her 1964 essay, "Notes on 'Camp,'" is a minor classic, a sharp, entertaining catalogue that did much to popularize—and overpopularize—the Ins and Outs of the camp phenomenon. Her one novel in those days was *The Benefactor* (TIME, Sept. 13, 1963), an opaque tale about a dandified dreamer



RASPUTIN
Face of a bald satyr.



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SUSAN SONTAG
Avant-garde with blunt instruments.

who cannot figure out whether he killed his wife in a nightmare or in cold blood.

Death Kit is much the same. The hero is a junior executive named Diddy, and the question is, Did he, while traveling on a train, butcher an innocent railroad workman? Diddy is sure he did it; yet a blind girl near by who hears all and who proves to be on target about everything else, says he never left his seat. But most of the time Diddy's deed seems the least of the author's concerns, for she is too busy with other things: writing the kind of "modernistic" conundrum that was fashionable in the '20s, folding in essays on alienation and editorials on Viet Nam.

Death Kit unfortunately contains the blunted instruments of the avant-garde movement and Freudian criticism. The novel is studded with little messages to critics and longhairs that *Something Is Going On*: the word now usually appears in parentheses; passages of various sorts are indented; there are interruptions for long Dos Passos-like lists that, unlike her enumerations of the artifacts of camp, don't add up. Worst of all, there are dreams—long, logical, dreamlike dreams that exhaust the reader even faster than they do Diddy. Yet for all its flights, most of the writing is conventional dialogue and ordinary continuity, with a few set-piece scenes that feebly attempt Nabokovian wit.

The reader, though he may never decide whether or not Diddy left his seat, knows right off what his problem is: alienation. "Diddy merely inhabits his life," the author says. "One can redeem skeletons and abandoned cities as human. But not a lost, dehumanized nature." God knows Diddy tries. He falls in love with the blind girl, marries her in an attempt to help them both.

Unquestionably, Susan Sontag tries too. The novel is arduously worked out, with the author always at the reader's elbow, adding explanations ("to a man wielding a microscope, his own seeing eyes are blind"), pointing out high

spots, summing up. The only thing she could do (now) to help the book would be to write one of her well-reasoned essays to explain why she wrote it.

Coroner's Advice

ANYONE CAN MAKE A MILLION by Morton Shulman. 276 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$4.95.

Contrary to the misleading title of this book, not anyone can make a million. But almost everyone would like to try. For that reason, there is usually a market for get-rich-quick books. Shulman is neither a professional writer nor an investment counselor; he is the ex-coroner of Toronto, whose spare-time market speculations made him a millionaire. He wrote his book in two weeks, and in five months it has sold 108,000 copies. As a how-to-do-it handbook, it forwards the questionable thesis that what has worked for him can work for anybody.

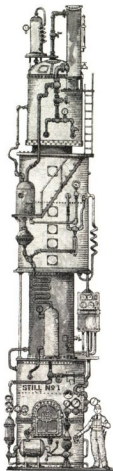
Shulman condemns most conventional, long-term investments and tempts his readers to speculate. "Unfortunately," he says, "long-term is not too important to us because we humans are short-term." He repeats the obvious: the key to quick gain is to use leverage—to multiply, as much as twentyfold, the purchasing power of each investment dollar. He speculates in the commodities market because it offers 1) wide price swings and 2) minuscule margins—the buyer puts down as little as 5% and borrows the rest.

As for common stocks, Shulman recommends dabbling not in shares but in warrants, which are rights to buy stock and which sell for much less than the stock itself. His "ideal" investment is the convertible debenture, a bond that the owner can convert into stock and which, at its best, combines high yield with growth. Investors who are willing to borrow heavily can get considerable leverage with debentures, because bank-



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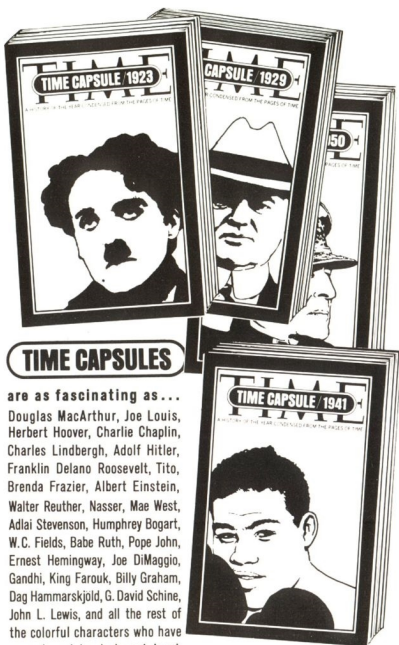
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Despite the heavy sales of the book, it has not had noticeable influence on activity in debentures, warrants or the commodities market—an indication that sophisticated investors know too well that leverage can accentuate downturns as well as upturns.

Short Notices

MURDER IN CANTON by Robert van Gulik. 206 pages. Scribner's. \$3.95.

Something is amiss in the great port city of Canton in the year A.D. 680, when Judge Dee arrives from Peking, ostensibly to look into foreign trade. What is missing—and what the Tang dynasty's master detective is looking for—is a fellow named Lew, the Imperial censor and pivotal power in the palace intrigues of the capital. Lew soon turns up dead, murdered by a delayed-action poison. The judge, of course, finds his culprit after dealing with a clutch of lively characters: the blind and beautiful Lan-lee, who collects crickets; Zumurrud, a half-caste belly dancer; Mansur, the arrogant, sybaritic leader of Canton's Arab community.

This is the 16th Judge Dee novel by Robert van Gulik, 57, who is the Netherlands' Ambassador to Japan and an Oriental scholar. His writing lacks somewhat in professional sheen, but Scholar Gulik more than compensates with rich and accurate historical detail of the Tang dynasty. The manners and mores, the factionalism and regionalism of that ancient era suggest that modern China is not, after all, much more adept at maintaining the writ of Peking over the vast, disparate reaches and peoples of the Asian Goliath.

HANGER STOUT, AWAKE! by Jack Matthews. 151 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3.95.

Clyde Stout is a teen-ager who works in a small-town gas station, worships his Chevy and a hard-hearted local girl. One day he discovers a unique inner resource: he can hang by his hands for two, three, four minutes at a stretch. A local gambler begins to make book on him, but "Hanger" sees his talent only as a means for buying new and shiny presents for his two loves. In the end, he loses the girl, is cheated of his winnings, gets drafted, sells his car, and shrugs. In this gentle first novel, told with a fine ear for adolescent patois, Author Matthews, 42, who teaches English at Ohio University, offers something of a literary atavism: a story about pure innocence that encounters pure evil and couldn't care less.

A SECOND-HAND LIFE by Charles Jackson. 337 pages. Macmillan. \$5.95.

Twenty-three years ago, Charles Jackson wrote *The Lost Weekend*, a successful first novel about a problem drinker. He has been a problem novelist ever since. *The Fall of Valor* (1946) was

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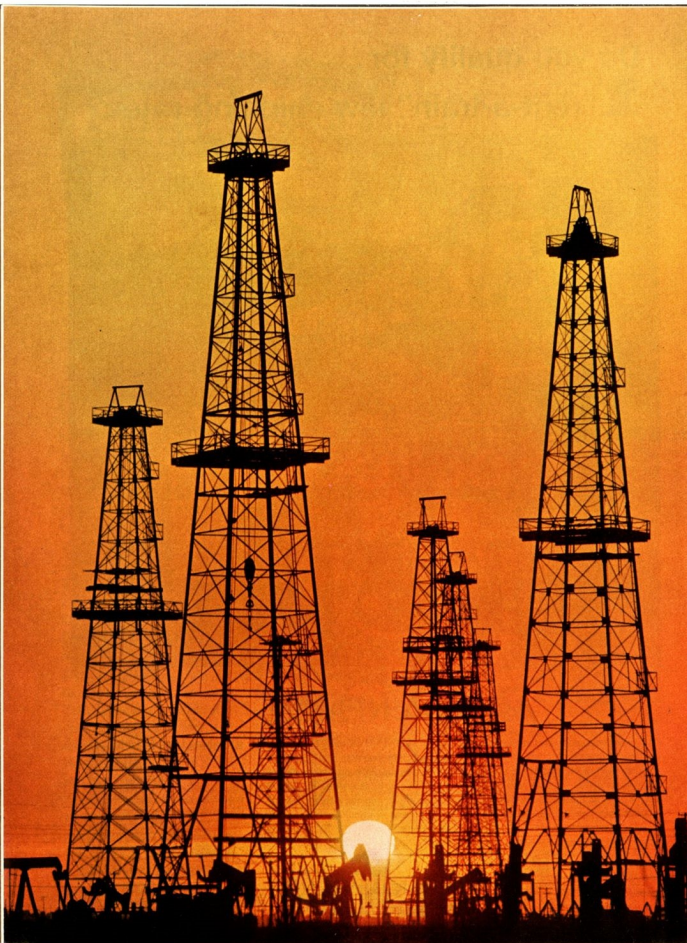
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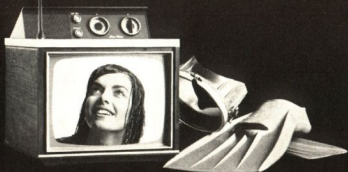
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The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

about a homosexual, *The Outer Edges* (1948) about paranoiacs. This one is about a nymphomaniac, which ought to give it a somewhat more eclectic appeal than the previous two. Trouble is, *A Second-Hand Life* is more a case history than a novel. Winifred Grainger can't take her mind off sex or, specifically, the male sex organ. But all she does is talk about it to Harry Harrison, her confidant and lifelong friend, who has a problem too. He can't stand the whole nasty business.

!!!PppppppP!!!

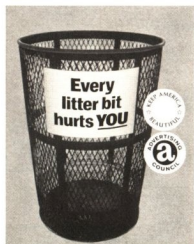
BEYOND LANGUAGE by Dmitri A. Borgmann. 338 pages. Scribner's. \$7.50.

This is a book for the tired scientist, mathematician or logician. But the word games that Dmitri Borgmann has collected for his trip into the secret world beyond language also can be played by the ordinary reader, particularly if he is a genius.

Borgmann, a Chicago actuary, displayed his linguistic passion in an earlier book, *Language on Vacation* (TIME, Sept. 17, 1965). He likes to dream up puzzles based on Q words, paradoxes, homonyms, palindromes, anagrams, acronyms and acrostics, all of which require something more than a smidgen of esoteric knowledge. Explain this, he commands: !!!PppppppP!!! The answer: besides being a 14-character palindrome—reading the same backward as forward—it is the short title of a dramatic monologue, written in the late 1800s by a Portuguese eccentric named Baptista Machado.

Or take a Borgmann favorite, the etymological redundancy—*outja*, for example, which consists of the French *oui* and the German *ja*, both meaning yes. What about a quadruple redundancy? For a hint, Borgmann aims his reader toward southwest England. After a few dutiful hours of brain racking, it is permissible to turn to the answers in the back of the book. In *The Story of English*, writes Borgmann, Mario Pei mentions a ridge near Plymouth called Torpenhow Hill. "This name consists of the Saxon *tor*, the Celtic *pen*, the Scandinavian *hangr* (later transformed into *how*) and the Middle English *hill*, all four of them meaning *hill*. Hence the modern name of the ridge is actually Hillhillhill Hill!"

By now, the reader who has not drowned in this think tank will be shown how to compose a sentence that ends with nine prepositions ("What did you bring the book that I do not wish to be read on to out of up from Down Under for?"). He will also be given the correct term for a 128th note in music (quasihemidemisemiquaver, or semi-hemidemisemiquaver). Good sport that he is, Borgmann asks his fans for suggestions. How about this: What is the significance of this series: 8, 14, 23, 28, 34, 42, 49, 57? Hint: any straphanger on the New York BMT subway can see the answer pass before his eyes.



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itself away; litter
doesn't just happen.
People cause it—and
only people can prevent
it. "People" means you.
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What's all green
and a yard wide?
The lawn that's
sown with Windsor.

Make a list of mass magazines that match TV Guide for efficiency

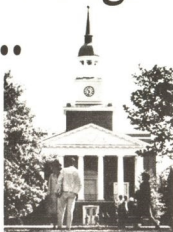
(It's not easy)



Hanover is a small liberal arts college in Indiana...

but

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Our Political Science class meets at the United Nations

Our German class meets in Cologne



Our Spanish class meets in Mexico



Our Geology class meets in New Mexico

In educational circles, we call this the Hanover Plan—a traditional liberal arts education plus innovations that meet the changing needs of a jet-speed age.

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Sound unusual? Maybe—but the Hanover Plan makes sense when you think about it.

But we also pay close attention to the traditional side of education, too. We devote special time and effort to attracting and holding an able faculty. Two-thirds of our staff hold Ph.D.'s. With a ratio of 1 instructor

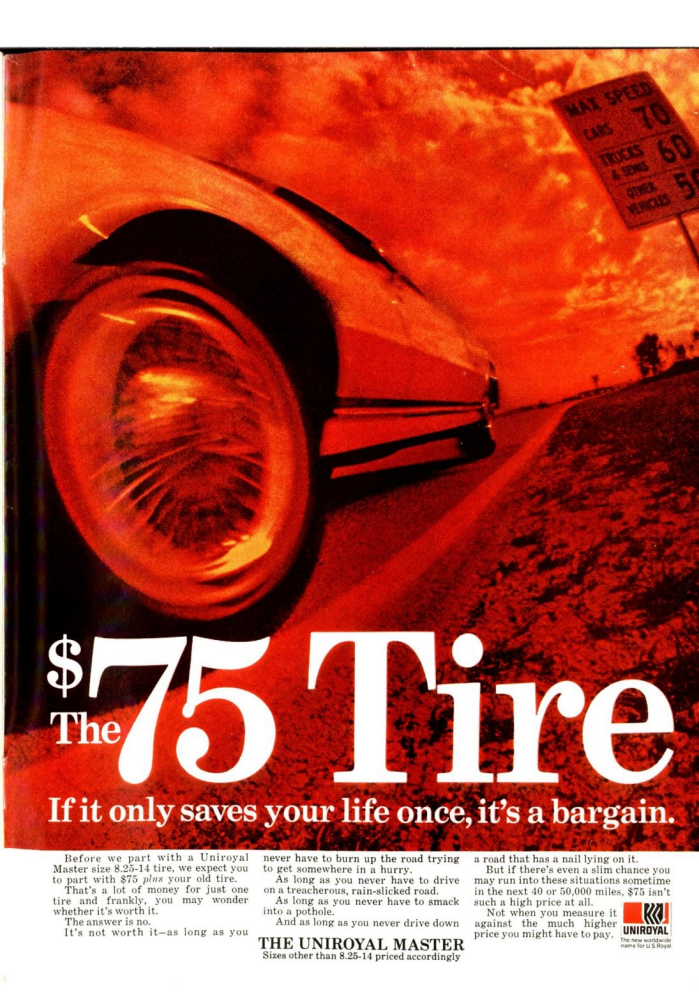
to 16 students, we have an unusually close relationship. Our president gets to know most students by name, and they all know him.

Our entire student body (1,000) wouldn't even make a good-sized demonstration at a multiversity.

We've been at Hanover, Indiana, since 1827, and we've arrived in 1967 thanks to the generosity of loyal donors who care about the future of the small Liberal Arts college. We'd be pleased to count you among our friends and supporters.

For further information please call or write our president, Dr. John E. Horner, or stop in and visit our campus when you're in our neighborhood.

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CARS 70
TRUCKS
& BUSES 60
OTHER
VEHICLES 5

\$75 The Tire

If it only saves your life once, it's a bargain.

Before we part with a Uniroyal Master size 8.25-14 tire, we expect you to part with \$75 *plus* your old tire.

That's a lot of money for just one tire and frankly, you may wonder whether it's worth it.

The answer is no.

It's not worth it—as long as you

never have to burn up the road trying to get somewhere in a hurry.

As long as you never have to drive on a treacherous, rain-slicked road.

As long as you never have to smack into a pothole.

And as long as you never drive down

a road that has a nail lying on it.

But if there's even a slim chance you may run into these situations sometime in the next 40 or 50,000 miles, \$75 isn't such a high price at all.

Not when you measure it against the much higher price you might have to pay.

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Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly



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We acknowledge their being first.
(The British started making gin even before
we started a country.)

And we think the British still make very
fine gin, indeed. But we make Calvert Gin
right here in America. Especially for the
American martini. It's at least as good as
anything the British send over, and it's
incontestably drier.

You see, we put Calvert Gin through several
extra distilling steps to make it 100% dry.

100% for the American martini.

What's more, we gather choice botanicals
from all over the world. And we use fresh, hand-
cut lime peel to get a fresh, crisp flavor.
(As far as we know, no one else does—
including the British.)

Where would you say the world's
best gin comes from now?

